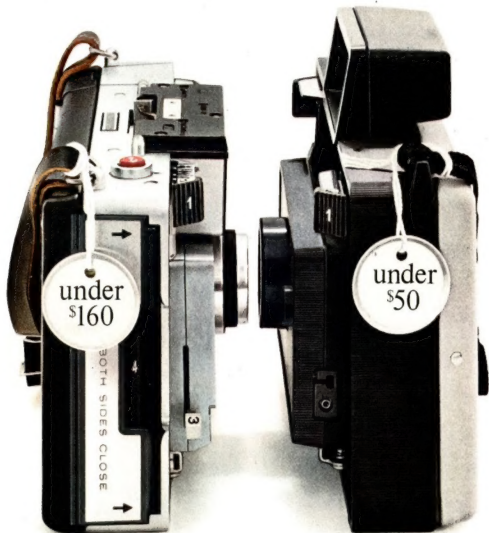


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color, 2 for black-and-white. It makes beautiful portraits and close-ups (with special accessories). It has an all-metal body and brushed chrome finish. Including a flashgun, it costs something under \$160.

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A Candid Report on Air Travel:

A Lot More than Talk is Going On.

In all the talk lately about the "airport problem," we at United feel that a few important facts have been overlooked.

Public interest, and concern, about air transportation have never been more intense or widespread. That's all to the good. The more interest, the better.

But now it's time, not to make light of the problem, but to throw light on it. To tell the public where and how we stand.

The first fact to keep in mind is that flying is a "frontier" business. It always has been. Probably always will be.

A frontier business is one that keeps pushing farther and farther. Its very essence is movement and change. Its very existence depends on continual development. And its very stability lies in its restless reach for the new and undiscovered.

In the six decades since the Wright Brothers, air transportation has met and mastered one "problem" after another. These problems have been the direct result of its own success.

In one sense, a frontier business is never "fully ready" for the future. Tomorrow is always on top of us, and we are always grappling to get on top of tomorrow.

Another fact: the problems we face now were not "discovered" in the wake of recent publicity. The news media have done a good and necessary job in calling them to public attention . . . but leaders in the industry and in government have long since seen the problems coming, and have steadily been working on solutions. But far more needs to be done.

All air industry leaders agree that the airports themselves are not the key to the "airport problem." The airport is the *focus* of current attention, but is only part of the total picture.

It is the development and funding of an *overall system*, assuring the most effective use of air transportation, that must take priority in our thinking, planning, and building.

In order to meet the airport requirements of the future, a wholly integrated air transportation system must be devised. This calls for the contribution, the cooperation, and the skills of all elements in the aviation community—as well as those of many non-aviation interests.

And it means working together at all levels, from the national to the local, from short-term improvements to long-term planning. The precise dovetail-



ing of these diverse activities is perhaps our most pressing requirement.

Aircraft manufacturers are now building larger planes to help accommodate the growing number of passengers. Airlines are committing billions of dollars for new jets. The Air Transport Association has moved to coordinate industry-wide action in expansion programs.

We at United have been working for nearly two years on Master Plan Reports, recommending ideas and improvements for the consideration of the airports and communities we serve. We also have \$93 million committed to ground facility improvements now in progress.

What should not be overlooked in the present ferment about air transportation is the firm fact that

the aircraft manufacturers, the airlines, the city, state, and national governments have recognized the problems, and are attacking them with all their resources and talent.

Even more importantly, everyone concerned in this vast enterprise has accepted the necessity of total cooperation — and the fruits of such growing cooperation are already making themselves manifest in many areas.

This time, the problems are bigger in size, but not much different in kind. And this time, we have public acceptance of the importance of air transportation going for us.

That's the reason for all the talk lately. As we say, the more talk the better. But we want to assure you that a lot more than talk is going on — in the government, in the industry — and at United.

We know where we're going — and we hope to take you with us.

United Air Lines

G. E. Keck

PRESIDENT



This is where our champagne is disgorged.
That's right, disgorged.

We didn't pick the name. It was picked by a Benedictine monk named Dom Perignon, back in 1670, and describes the classic process by which yeast sediment is removed from fine, classic champagnes. (Simply put, the sediment settles into the neck of the bottle, where it is frozen into an ice plug; then the bottle is opened and the ice plug is "disgorged.") But what's important about it is this:

It allows the yeast sediment to be removed from the champagne without removing the

champagne from the bottle. This means that no air can damage the natural and delicate bouquet of the champagne.

Korbel champagne never leaves the bottle it began in, never sees the light of day—until the day you pop and pour it. This is part of the older, classic method of making champagne, a way that very few people bother to make champagne anymore. Too much bother.

Why do we bother? After a hundred and five years, it's hard to break a habit.



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California Champagne

KORBEL FINE OLD CLASSIC CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNES • Sec • Extra Dry • Brut • Natural • Pink • Sparkling Burgundy • F. Korbel and Bros., Inc., Gonnville, Calif.



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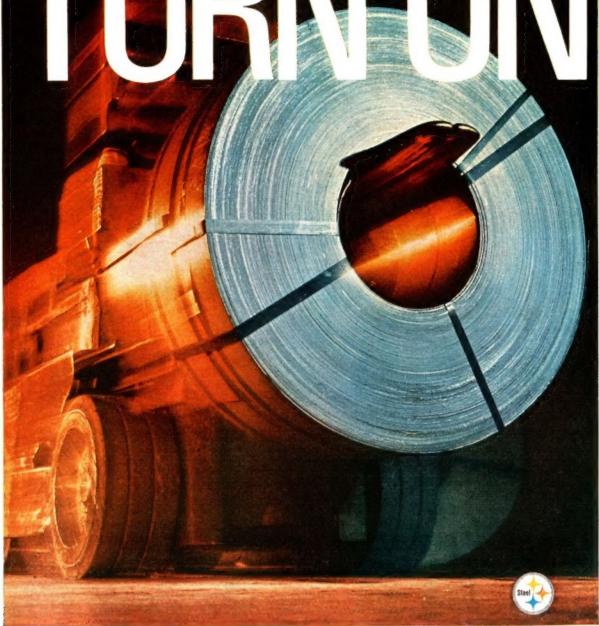
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Ask your TV Guide man for complete documentation. Then take it from there.

Sources: Current Simmons, Starch Adnorms.

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ALMADÉN

For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P. O. Box 997-P, Los Gatos, California

Colossus & Co.

we are not

We respect and admire the giants of our business for their outstanding service to both the general public and the investment community. But we can honestly say that our admiration is untainted by envy.

★ ★ ★

True, we do not have scores of offices. Furthermore, our skyscraper locations do not encourage visits from board watchers. We think our people have more time to do what they're good at—finding ways to help our clients in their efforts to achieve their investment goals.

★ ★ ★

We struggle along with a mere 700 employees, including some 100 registered representatives with primary responsibility for individual accounts. We manage quite well with only eight strategically located offices, but we frequently travel to far places to service our clients, and will be happy to do so to discuss our services with prospective clients of substance.

★ ★ ★

When it comes to research, we strive for depth rather than breadth. We concentrate on comparatively few companies, but these we think we know better than anyone else. Consequently, our reports, which run to 10-20 pages, are replete with significant facts.

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Our private wire system doesn't crisscross the continent, but it does include direct lines to our own personnel on the floors of the New York, American, Midwest and Pacific Coast Stock Exchanges. With these special facilities we are in a position to service the special needs of institutions and other investment dealers.

★ ★ ★

When we are commissioned to dispose of a large block of stock, we cannot promise to do it in 30 seconds flat. Sometimes it takes an hour, or perhaps a morning, or even a day of skillful handling, but we don't seem to have complaints on this score. Also, because of the personnel we have on all major exchanges, we are in a position to execute orders on dually listed securities.

There are two areas where the record will confirm our position of leadership: in commercial paper, and the sale of FNMA (Federal National Mortgage Association) Short Term Notes. For the latter, we are the exclusive distributor on behalf of the government agency which issues them.

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Our Retirement Funds Evaluation Service, developed after years of planning and testing, and offered in early 1966, now numbers among its subscribers corporations with combined fund assets in excess of \$4 billion.

★ ★ ★

In the area of corporate finance, no one has yet asked us to help raise an amount that was beyond our capacity. And we have helped underwrite the public stock offerings of many a company, to the benefit of both issuer and investor.

IN SUMMARY:

We have not the slightest desire to be big for the sake of bigness. Our plans call for growth, yes. But never, we hope, to such a size that our principals cannot be aware of our activities on behalf of our select clientele.

We strive for leadership, yes. But in the quality and creativity of our services and the professionalism with which they are rendered, rather than their proliferation; in the quality and integrity of our personnel and clients, rather than their number.

We aim for client relationships rather than customer accounts. Our interest is in establishing long-term associations, be it with an individual, an institution, a corporation or another investment dealer.

If you are thinking of changing brokers, or have an investment banking problem, you could hardly go wrong by consulting one of the colossi. But, for whatever reasons, they obviously cannot or do not

fit everyone's needs. So if you are looking, we invite you to look here. A note to William D. Mabie, President, will produce answers to your questions, or hopefully, lead to a meeting where we can decide whether we're right for each other.

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For full information on "The Great Land Outdoors," write: Wyoming Travel Commission, Dept. T-7, 2320 Capitol Ave., Cheyenne, Wyoming 82001.

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 8

ABC WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.).⁵ Susan Hayward and Bette Davis in the screen adaptation of Harold Robbins' bestseller, *Where Love Has Gone*.

CHRYSLER PRESENTS THE BOB HOPE SHOW (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). A band of comedians (Bob Hope, Steve Allen, Jack Carter and Bill Dana) fights to rescue the TV badlands from a notorious gang of cowboy heroes led by James Drury (*The Virginian*). Bobbie Gentry sings along with the action in "Shoot In at NBC."

Thursday, November 9

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). *The Seventh Dawn* finds William Holden, Susannah York and Capucine romantically entangled in guerrilla-war-torn Malaya.

THE DEAN MARTIN SHOW (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Dean's guests include Phil Harris, Cabaret Star Joel Grey, and singers Laine Kazan and Don Cherry.

Friday, November 10

THE HUNTLEY-BRINKLEY REPORT SPECIAL: JUST A YEAR TO GO (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The NBC news team watches President Johnson, Richard Nixon, George Romney, Nelson Rockefeller and Ronald Reagan waging their campaigns and non-campaigns on this first program of a new series.

Saturday, November 11

THE \$150,000 WASHINGTON, D.C. INTERNATIONAL (NBC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Former jockey Eddie Arcaro and Sportscenter Jim Simpson follow the horses in this 16th running of the 1½-mile invitational race that matches the best foreign-trained flat racers against the best from the U.S. for "Horse of the World" honors.

WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Pacific Southwest Cross-Country Motorcycle Championship from the Mojave Desert. 1967 world figure-skating champions, featuring America's Peggy Fleming, from Vienna.

HALLMARK HALL OF FAME (NBC, 7-30:9 p.m.). Based on John Hersey's novel and Paul Osborne's Broadway play, this TV edition of *A Bell for Adano* features John Forsythe, Kathleen Widdoes and Murray Hamilton.

MISS TEENAGE AMERICA PAGEANT (CBS, 10-11:30 p.m.). The winner will be chosen from 64 finalists, culminating six months of competition among teen-agers in more than 60 major U.S. cities. Jimmy Durante, Jane Powell and Dean Jones preside over the annual festivities broadcast from Dallas.

Sunday, November 12

LOOK UP AND LIVE (CBS, 10:30-11 a.m.). How should we use atomic energy? Should we create, prolong or alter life? How do we educate for a technological society? In the search for answers to such difficult questions, man is faced with "Choice, the Imperative of Tomorrow," Part 2 of a series.

DISCOVERY (ABC, 11:30 to noon). "Monsters of the Ocean Deep" takes a look at such aquatic creatures as the shark, the sting ray and the octopus, which do not

always live up to their dangerous reputations.

Monday, November 13

SHIPSTADS & JOHNSON ICE FOLLIES OF 1967 (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Ed Ames breaks the ice with songs and patter, as the annual skating extravaganza glides into its 31st year.

A MAN AND HIS MUSIC 4 ELLA + JOHIM (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). The equation yields a salute to rhythm. Frank Sinatra, Ella Fitzgerald and Brazil's Antonio Carlos Jobim sing the standards, old and new.

Tuesday, November 14

WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, WHY (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Since his TV conversation with Eric Sevareid just two months ago, Eric Hoffer's salty comments on the contemporary scene have been quoted by the President and the man on the street alike. Tonight, a rebroadcast of "Eric Hoffer: The Passionate State of Mind."

THEATER

On Broadway

THE LITTLE FOXES. An admirable revival of Lillian Hellman's 1939 play in Lincoln Center demonstrates how securely bricks of character can be sealed together with the mortar of plot. Anne Bancroft, George C. Scott, Richard Dysart and Margaret Leighton are expertly guided by Director Mike Nichols through gilt-edged performances as members of a family afflicted with a vulpine itch for plunder in the turn-of-the-century South.

WHAT DID WE DO WRONG? A ponderous put-down of the contemporary foibles of young and old falls on its face as it peers into the generation gap. Devotees of Paul Ford may be amused by their idol in a hippie getup, but others will consider *Wrong?* more absurd than theater.

HENRY, SWEET HENRY lured theatergoers into picking up \$400,000 worth of tickets in advance of its opening. These venture-capitalists have a dismally disenchanting evening in store for them. The musical concerns itself with a pair of schoolgirls who spend off-hours spying on a concert-stage idol (Don Ameche). When he is not pounding the keyboard, he dallies carnally with suburban and urban matrons. The music is tuneless; the lyrics witless; and the dances could pass for mass hupscotch. What less can one ask?

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD takes the little men of Shakespeare and transforms them into the little Everymen of Beckett. In his American debut, British playwright Tom Stoppard, 30, offers an agile, witty play that snags with verbal acrobatics and precisely choreographed dances of the mind, while coming heartbreak close to the pity and terror of mortality. In the title roles, Brian Murray and John Wood are phenomenal, and Derek Goldby's direction has tensile strength.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY is nine years old and Harold Pinter's first full-length play. Brought to Broadway for the first time, it is as highly individualistic, if not as technically posed, as his later works. The playwright cues through the conventions of accepted stage behavior and the rules of the well-made play to expose the cruel

Ⓜ All times E.S.T.

How Renault got up off the floor.

Things were none too cheery for us a while ago. We were, as they say, getting our lumps.

But those days, happily, are far behind us. We've made a comeback.

Sales are up 85% over last year. And proceeding quite nicely, thank you.

How did Renault accomplish this dramatic turnaround?

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We dropped a few dealers who were biased about service.

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kept could get virtually any part in 48 hours. If not faster.

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It has thicker gauge metal, thicker undercoating, and a few engineering touches that border on the fanatical.

It delivers an honest 35 miles to the gallon.

30,000 miles between brake pad replacements.

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40,000 miles on our Michelin X

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Yet, the Renault 10 is priced under \$2,000. Way under \$2,000.

All in all, the car is built better than it has to be for the money.

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The Renault 10

An invitation for 10 free days of autumn colors, town meetings

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*wants to take your whole family touring
through*

New England

TIME-LIFE BOOKS' acclaimed new series, LIBRARY OF AMERICA, wants to whisk your family away on a guided tour of an American domain larger than England and Wales... still partially uninhabited wilderness... and where, if you listen and look closely, you can hear the buzz of musket balls and see a flicker of redcoats at Concord Bridge.

New England is still much as our forefathers knew it almost 200 years ago when they forged the Republic on the anvil of liberty. A new book by Joe McCarthy and the Editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS takes you to this rocky, picturesque, inspiring land of Yankee peddlers, educators, inventors, fishermen, merchants, writers and sailors. You'll probe the New England character that produced legislators who proposed a law forcing all residents to get eight hours sleep nightly; Jim Curley, who was mayor of Boston while serving a term in jail for fraud; the merchant who sold surplus warming pans to West Indians. And you'll learn why the cobble streets of Boston are said to be "paved with Irish heads."

New England looks into all six of the region's states, into their history (there was almost a mutiny on the *Mayflower*)... industry (it's 9 to 1 that the gears in your car were made by precision machines from Vermont)... principles (Puritans kept their churches so cold that ministers wore gloves with the fingers cut out so they could turn the pages of the Bible)... snobbery in the Somerset Club in Boston (firemen rushing to a blaze had to use the service entrance)... finance (some clipper ships made \$200,000 a voyage). You'll see green village commons, wooden bridges; attend a clam bake and a potluck supper; tread ancient, narrow alleys that Paul Revere and John Adams walked; visit with lobstermen and Boston Brahmins, tobacco farmers and Cape Codders. How did they build a New England salt-box house? Pile stones for a fence? Hold a town meeting? How did Salem become the pepper center of the Atlantic? Why did Vermont set up an independent republic with its own coinage, postal system and foreign relations?

Come with Us for a Reunion with our Heritage

The attached postpaid order form will bring you *New England* for 10 days' free reading. It's a beautiful, hardbound volume filled with information, pictures and maps for vacationers, travelers, youngsters in school. Pass it around the family and see if they find it engrossing and valuable. If not, just return the book and pay nothing. If you like the book, return only \$1.95 (plus shipping and handling); we'll then send along other volumes in the LIBRARY OF AMERICA one every two months. You may keep or return as many or as few as you wish, after a 10-day trial. Each costs only \$1.95. We're waiting to guide you on this once in a lifetime adventure through New England when you mail the postpaid order form right now.

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Suggested Tours section of seven maps points out historical sites, routes, camping areas, parks, mountains, monuments, ski sites, etc. *Wildlife Guide* pictures and describes 52 mammals, fish, reptiles, birds, flowers and trees. *Statistical Table* lists states' nicknames, capitals, population, land areas, bodies of water, outstanding inventors. *Pronunciation Glossary* is a course in how names of the land are pronounced both generally and locally.



QUAINT, COBBLED Acorn Street dates from early 1800's; typifies Beacon Hill, stronghold of Boston's elite Brahmins.

It's a big country, these United States, and equally diverse. Palm trees in Florida, glaciers in Alaska, volcanoes in Hawaii, hippies and bankers, surfers and society dowagers, oil roughnecks and atomic physicists, loggers and Louisiana cotton choppers. Now the editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS are putting together a set of volumes with thousands of pictures and half a million words covering every U.S. region: the TIME-LIFE Library of America. It will take you family on a journey of discovery through every state, along main roads and byways, meeting the important people and the characters seeing how our fellow Americans work and play, eat and shop it up. Begin now with *NEW ENGLAND*; mail the postpaid order form today for 10 days' free reading.

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lobstering, cobbled streets and covered bridges...



CENTERS OF COLONIAL REBELLION in Boston included the Liberty Tree, where patriots hanged Crown officials in effigy; the harbor site of the Boston Tea Party; Faneuil Hall, where market prices were regulated downstairs while rebels plotted insurrection upstairs.



FAITHFULLY RESTORED interior of Boston's oldest frame house, built about 1670, appears as it did when Paul Revere occupied it. He was summoned from this house on the night of April 18, 1775, for his dramatic ride to Lexington and Concord.



Actual size: 8½" x 11";
192 pages, 274 photos,
drawings, engravings, maps
including 111 in
three-color and four-color.
45,000 words.



TAUNTED by angry colonists, British soldiers fired into the mob and killed five people. Paul Revere made this engraving of the Boston Massacre to win sympathy for the colonial cause.

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LOBSTER BOAT'S lie anchored at Maine's Deer Isle. Maine is nearly as large as the entire five New England states combined, has a rocky, glacier-gouged shoreline of bays and inlets stretching 2,600 miles.



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right down at the corner"**

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We know. We've moved more families into more school districts in more towns and suburbs and cities than any other van line in the world.

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Dial the Allied Agent in your town. He moves families... not just furniture.



and the comic, the frighteningly familiar and the terrifyingly unknown in each man's existence.

AFTER THE RAIN is an eggshell of a play from an egghead playwright John Bowen bottoms and embalms theatrical modes and ideas from Bertolt Brecht, Aldous Huxley, George Orwell, and Peter Weiss and colors them in a fashionable shade of apocalyptic. As the triumphant leader of a Noah-like band of survivors from the flood of 1969, Alec McCowen is convincingly diabolical as he plucks open the soul of a power maniac.

Off Broadway

SCUBA DUBA is in the tradition of the "new comedy" that draws its laughs not from funny-ha-ha but from funny-peculiar. Novelist Bruce Jay Friedman (*Stevie*, *A Mother's Kisses*) puts one of his pop-skulled, Mom-obsessed neurotics in a chalet on the Riviera during the night his wife is out cuckolding him with a Negro. Jerry Orbach is wildly, excruciatingly believable as a modern victim-persecutor, one minute hiding under the coats in the closet, the next brandishing a threatening scythe at his enemy, the world at large.

STEPHEN D. replays the symphony of sound composed by James Joyce in his two autobiographical novels. While not sufficiently theatrical—the images called up by Joyce's words are more vivid than the vignettes seen on the stage—the production provides a pleasant, literate evening on the banks of the Liffey.

CINEMA

THE COMEDIANS Graham Greene's Haitian purgatory has an excellent cast (Richard Burton, Peter Ustinov, Alec Guinness, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Ford) and enough transcendent drama to absorb it from its most glaring sin: at two hours and 40 minutes, it is too long.

WAIT UNTIL DARK A blind woman (Audrey Hepburn) who has become the nearly helpless victim of a trio of terrorists led by Alan Arkin tries to equalize the situation by removing all the light bulbs in the house, but she forgets the one in the refrigerator—with chilling results.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD Director John Schlesinger and screenwriter Frederic Raphael, who collaborated on *Darling*, now bring Thomas Hardy's Victorian novel vividly to the screen, with solid performances by Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Peter Finch and Terence Stamp.

EUVRA MADIGAN A Swedish cavalry officer (Hannes Berggren) deserts his wife, children and career to spend a summer of delicious happiness with a tightrope walker (Pia Degermark) in this spare and remarkably sensitive pastoral film.

FINNEGANS WAKE A surprising number of James Joyce's fire-borne visions survive in the screenwriter's version of the screenwriter's novel, thanks to Director Mary Ellen Bute's audacious dream sequences and witty collages and montages.

BOOKS

Best Reading

MEMOIRS, 1925-1950, by George F. Kennan. A close-up look at a crucial quarter century of U.S. diplomacy by a man who was one of the first to see the cold war coming, and who was also one of the first to predict a thaw.

THE MASTER AND MARGARITA, by Mikhail Bulgakov. Natan saunters through

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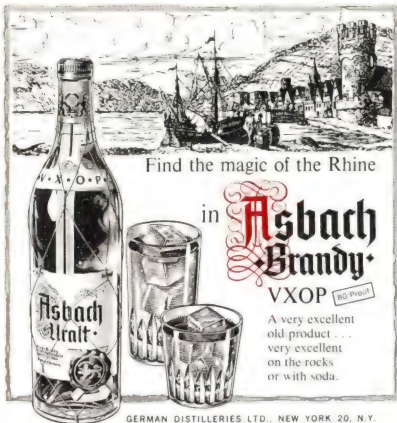
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Moscow in this manic farce, which, after 25 years of suppression, has again seen light in Russia and received two new translations in the U.S.

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THE MANOR, by Isaac Bashevis Singer. A popular Yiddish storyteller powerfully projects his own sense of exile, while demonstrating that he has the credentials of a major novelist, in this tragicomic account of the changes that rack a Victorian Polish-Jewish family.

THE SLOW NATIVES, by Thea Astley. One of Australia's leading novelists tells a prickly story of a Brisbane family of intellectual pioneers who undergo a painful adjustment to a philistine society.

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER, by William Styron. A chilling and brilliant exploration of the mind and life of the mad, messianic Virginia slave who led a bloody rebellion in 1831.

THE PYRAMID, by William Golding. In this ostensibly simple tale of a bright lad who sacrifices principles to scale the ladder of the British class system, Golding explores his favorite theme—that all men inherit the evil of their ancestry.

ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION, by Will and Ariel Durant. This final volume of their 38-year labor to record man's progress across the span of 20 civilizations proves once again that the Durants are unique historians.

THE HEIR APPARENT, by William V. Shannon. Examines the things that Bobby Kennedy has going for and against him in his bid for the presidency. Conclusion: There may be some formidable obstacles.

A GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS, by Joyce Carol Oates. A painful and numbing Dreiserian story of a poor little girl who acquires everything except happiness.

A HALL OF MIRRORS, by Robert Stone. One of the best first novels of the year deals with three characters on the periphery of vagrancy in New Orleans.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Confessions of Nat Turner, Styron (3 last week)
2. Topaz, Uris (1)
3. The Gabriel Hounds, Stewart (2)
4. The Chosen, Potok (4)
5. Night Falls on the City, Gainham (5)
6. A Night of Watching, Arnold (7)
7. Rosemary's Baby, Levin (6)
8. The Arrangement, Kazan (8)
9. An Operational Necessity, Griffin
10. A Second-Hand Life, Jackson (9)

NONFICTION

1. Our Crowd, Birmingham (1)
2. Nicholas and Alexandra, Massie (2)
3. The New Industrial State, Galbraith (3)
4. A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church, Kavanaugh (6)
5. Twenty Letters to a Friend, Althaus (5)
6. Incredible Victory, Lord (4)
7. Anyone Can Make a Million, Shulman (7)
8. At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends, Eisenhower (8)
9. The Beautiful People, Bender
10. Rousseau and Revolution, Will and A. Durant

Does the newsie have a fix on prices?



Coming out of the building the other day, the man ahead of us was kidding the news vendor. "Do I have to pay the same price," he asked, "if the news is bad?"

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night, you can make a 3-minute, station-to-station interstate call anywhere in the continental U.S. (except Alaska) for \$1 or less, plus tax.

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5 p.m. - 7 p.m.	\$1.25 OR LESS						
7 p.m. - 7 a.m.	\$1.00 OR LESS						
Midnight - 7 a.m.	\$.75 OR LESS (ON CALLS YOU DIAL YOURSELF)						

*Maximum capacity a 3-minute, station-to-station interstate call, coast-to-coast anywhere in the continental U.S., except Alaska. This \$1.75 rate only applies to station-to-station calls, using quality coin machines or pay phones.



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LETTERS

Caudillo of Conservatism

Sir: To equal pairs H. I. Mencken and Charles Maurras, and the crusading zeal of Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera, the wit of Fred Allen, the voice and presence of John Barrymore, the charisma of Bing Crosby, and you have the *Caudillo* of conservatism, William F. Buckley Jr. [Nov. 3]. Now if only the Conservatives could persuade him to seek the G.O.P. nomination for U.S. Senator next year or enter him in the lists against Javits or ex-Mayor Wagner, New Yorkers would have a choice instead of the traditional Tweedledum-Tweedledee Liberal shell game.

Brooklyn

DONALD F. BARRY

Sir: Few would gainsay William F. Buckley Jr., entertainer, court jester of conservatism. His regrettable ineffectuality as socio-political philosopher-activist is traceable and proportionate to an unconcealed intellectual narcissism. Buckley's a mental muscle-basher who can't resist rippling his grey matter to dazzle bystanders. For sheer sophistic jargonism and an exonerating reciprocity of cleverness Buckley's ideal firing line partner would be Marshall McLuhan. But stuck him against self-educated Dockhand Eric Hoffer, the man of passionately simple convictions, and Buckley would do a fast fade from brilliance. Because he evinces about as much commitment and attachment to an ideal as a first-time-out dude rancher does to the horse.

ARTHUR L. NORTH
Richmond Hill, N.Y.

Sir: This Torquemada to the liberals has proved that the responsible voice of conservatism can attract a considerably larger and younger following than the traditionally starchy upper crust which consisted of a handful of crumbs held together by their own dough.

RICHARD S. FUEGNER
St. Louis, Mo.

Sir: Sorry to hear Bill Buckley is mellowing in his middle years. I rather looked forward to a Buckley infinitely more corrosive in his dogmatism. A Jonathan Edwards reborn in rage, who would describe for us all the exquisite tortures of liberals in the hands of an angry God.

ROBERT J. TULP
Brooklyn

Sir: As an ardent conservative, so far out, I secretly suspect that Taft was the guiding light behind the Politburo. I loved your article on Buckley, as much as I love the man himself.

But that cover, Oh God! Cruik-shank. Dastmire. Hieronymus Bosch? How inspired.

JACK CAHILL
Staten Island, N.Y.

Sir: I recall the statement of William F. Buckley Jr. after the last mayoral election: "I will never seek elective office again, unless I hear directly from my Maker." Now comes word that Mr. Buckley will seek elective office again, as a member of the Yale Corporation [Oct. 27]. Good grief, does he know something that we don't know? Can it be that not only is God at Yale, but a member of the Yale Corporation?

(MRS.) BARBARA FLYNN GOLD

West Haven, Conn.

In the President's Moccasins

Sir: My sympathy goes to President Johnson and the members of his Cabinet, who have dedicated themselves to providing a better existence for all. The job that they have to do is hard enough without being subjected to the ridicule of these protesting mobs [Oct. 27]. Many must not have heard the American Indian prayer, "Great Spirit, Grant that I may not criticize my neighbor until I have walked a mile in his moccasins."

PAUL J. WATKINS
Mayor
Rock Springs, Wyo.

Sir: Surely there are many thoughtful people who have conscientiously tried to obtain facts on the Viet Nam issue, and who sincerely doubt our policy there. To these people should the Administration listen for they have something worthwhile to say and the right to say it. But all too often the objective questioning is drowned out by the emotional wailings of extremists.

The Pentagon episode very clearly demonstrated the level of maturity that some of the protesters have attained. What is truly saddening is that they had to use our nation's capital as their playpen.

ROBERT E. DANE
Lieutenant, U.S.A.F.
Tempe, Ariz.

Hair Today

Sir: In your Essay on longer hair [Oct. 27], you fail to emphasize that long hair on a man is not feminine. The current difficulty of differentiating a male from a female is not due to long hair—or to clothing—but to the feminizing effect of shaving. Men were intended to have beards and women to have smooth cheeks. Men have chosen to violate our Creator's dictum—and we pay for it in blood every morning.

DONALD A. WINDSOR
Norwich, N.Y.

Sir: A counterpoint to the passage in *Leviticus* appears in *1 Corinthians* XI: 14, 15: "Doth not even nature itself teach you that, if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him? But if a woman have long hair, it is a glory to her: for her hair is given her for a covering." I do not mention this in condemnation of long hair. I myself have a moustache of four-week's growth.

MARK A. BRIGGS
Pittsburgh

Sir: Long hair and/or beards have dominated the scene in all times and climes until the 20th century. The scalded, scraped look came into existence during World War I and has persisted because global-scale wars have persisted. It was undertaken originally as a matter of necessity—to curb pediculosis—which runs rampant in barracks and battlefields. It is the style in cloisters and penitentiaries for the same reason. Its origin and its justifications have been forgotten in half a century of conformity.

DORIS M. RIZZO
Leamington Spa, England

Sir: For years I have been trying to figure out TIME's absolutely manic obsession with the profusion of one's hair. Aside from your Essay, which is admitted to be an observant comment on the trend of the times, I am informed in that same issue that David Dellinger is "balding." Jerry Rubin is "wild-haired." Judge W. Harold Cox is "white-thatched." Emperor Rosko is "lion-maned" etc. Is there some deep hidden meaning that is escaping me? Am I being psychologically brainwashed?

JOHN HAYLOW (balding)
Manhattan

► Nope. Just hairbrained.

Saddled-Up or Gobbled-Up?

Sir: I thank the man who recorded what Lyndon Johnson told Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore: "You rode the tiger. We shall" [Oct. 27]. I believe Asians respect and recognize backbone, when Americans are courageous enough to walk beyond courage, to deface false bravery, to stretch our guts and show backbone, not only our backside.

BON GALT
Powell, Tenn.

Sir: I recall a part of the Inaugural Address of President Johnson's predecessor, and I can still hear these words as they were spoken that bright, cold afternoon of Jan. 20, 1961: "... in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding the back of the tiger ended up inside."

JOSEPH E. TANNER
Rialto, Calif.

Not Wounded, Just Sick

Sir: Senator Edward Kennedy's Judiciary Subcommittee has developed some positive information concerning the suffering of a large segment of humanity here in South Viet Nam [Oct. 20]. However, your article does not clearly identify the patients who are "sleeping on corridor floors, or two or three to a bed" in our hos-

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pitals, and might imply that the bulk of the patients are in the hospitals with war wounds. In fact, a great preponderance of our patients have preventable communicable diseases—typhoid fever, cholera, bubonic plague, hepatitis, malaria and other such conditions—that are the result of environmental health problems and lack of basic health education. Dr. John Knowles recommends that we double the U.S. medical budget, bring in more U.S. surgeons, train more Vietnamese doctors and start an immunization program. Might we suggest the most desperately needed commodity of all: public health technicians. The crowding of hospitals can be drastically slashed through implementation of an environmental health, preventive medicine and sanitation program. This would cut to a trickle the flow of people to the hospitals and would serve to give relief to the doctors presently assigned. It would also obviate bringing into the country more and more U.S. physicians.

WILSON S. ADAMS
Public Health Division

USAID
Danang, Viet Nam

Not a Word

Sir: In the article "Thistles in the New Towns" (Sept. 29), you described the recent changes at Reston in northern Virginia and stated that "Simon recalls that 'Reston never recovered' after the collapse of an oral deal with the Washington Gas Light Company to supply \$6,000,000 at a low interest rate." Although we worked with Mr. Simon and his associates for quite some time in exploring ways that we might be helpful in connection

with getting Reston started, there was no "oral deal" involved at any state of our relationship. We are just as sure of this as Mr. Simon is to the contrary.

DONALD S. BITTINGER
President

Washington Gas Light Company
Washington

Article of Faith

Sir: Do you expect the reader to believe the Catholic Church is falling apart because Mr. James Kavanaugh, ex-priest, wants to marry [Oct. 27]? When he is gone his faith will be passed on to another, so it is no great loss. But I was amused to think that any woman in her right mind would have him, if he could not keep his vows to God, how could she expect him to keep vows made to her?

THELMA A. JONES

Norfolk, Va.

Sir: Fortunately indeed will be the woman whom he betrothes. There should be more prospective husbands around with his attitude of love and understanding. Obviously, his only hang-up is the normal, healthy desire for fulfillment.

BONNIE SMITH

Seattle

Sir: In today's impersonal, custom-made bureaucracy, which creates the fears responsible for man's isolating himself from men, and thus from God, any man with the wisdom and courage to seek God through close personal relationships with men or women is on the right track.

MARSHALL ROTHMAN

Fall River, Mass.

Once Over Lightly

Sir: The item on gambling [Oct. 27] invites my observation: in throwing dice, the faces with more than three points come up, on the average, a bit more often than can be expected statistically. The physics of this: where the "holes" are more in number the faces are lighter. Accordingly, the center of gravity favors the 1-2-3 faces, and the faces 6-5-4, which are just opposite, come up. The potential energy of a system tends toward least. Physics or no physics, the theorem holds for your wallet!

JULIUS SUMNER MILLER
Professor of Physics

El Camino College
Van Nuys, Calif.

Recorders Recording Recorders Recording . . .

Sir: While reading your "The Viability of Video" [Oct. 20], I was reminded of the following story: A professor, finding that his time was too valuable to merely lecture, would prepare a full week's lectures over the weekend and tape them. Each day of the week he would have an assistant set the recorder up in the classroom. The professor, of course, was delighted at the system which afforded him much free time. After his taped lectures had been playing for several months, he decided to visit one of his classes himself. As he opened the door he saw his recorder on the front desk, merrily lecturing to 65 small tape recorders, one on each desk of the deserted classroom.

PETER A. RICHARDS

Deerfield, Mass.



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TIME. NOVEMBER 10, 1967



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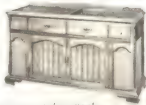
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

November 10, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 19

THE NATION

THE ECONOMY

Milestones to the Future

That seemingly inexhaustible engine, the U.S. economy, last week ticked off yet another record. It completed 80 consecutive months of expansion, equalling the war-fueled record set between 1939 and 1945, and showed no signs of pausing. Later this month, the nation will pass two other important statistical benchmarks. At midmonth, the gross national product will top the \$800 billion level; the \$1 trillion mark is certain to be reached in the early 1970s. And on Nov. 20, at precisely 11 a.m., the Census Bureau's population clock, which records an additional American every 14 1/2 seconds, will register 200 million.

The three milestones have profound implications for the future course and quality of American life—and of America's relations with the rest of the world. A nation that, with 6% of the world's population, can outproduce all the Communist countries combined and account for more than 42% of the entire output of the non-Communist world, is bound to be envied, feared and often hated. But it is also bound to be emulated, particularly when its performance is compared with that of the world's other superpower. With 30 million more people than there are in the U.S., the Soviet Union (see cover story) has a G.N.P. that is less than half as large as America's.

Cyclical Roller Coaster. The 80-month U.S. boom reflects a climate of growth, but also stability. A notable measure of that stability was the willingness of the Ford Motor Co. last month to guarantee up to 95% of the annual wages of workers in what has historically been an unstable, layoff-prone industry. Since 1834, the U.S. economy has ridden the cyclical roller coaster through 31 booms and busts. Nobody is willing to predict that cyclical peaks and troughs can entirely be eliminated. But many economists are convinced that with prudent and prompt cooperation between business and Government, business and labor, and President and Congress—lately, a big if—they can be flattened out considerably.

Since the expansion began in

February 1961, the G.N.P. has increased by a staggering \$285 billion (more than the combined 1966 production of France, West Germany and Italy). 9,000,000 new jobs have been created, consumer income has risen 40% and consumer spending 46%.

But the boom has not been a one-way ride on the gravy train for everybody. An increasing amount of time is being lost in strikes—most recently in the auto, steel-hauling and copper industries. Unemployment is down to 4.1%, from 7% at the beginning of the upsurge, but it has risen in the past year. On Wall Street, the stock market took a toboggan ride last week, with the Dow-Jones industrial average plummeting 31.56 points to a five-month low of 856.62. Though price increases had been held to 1.3% a year for nearly five years, they have averaged more than 3% for the past two years and inflation is once more a real threat. If, as seems probable, the 7% settlement at Ford sets a pattern for other industries, that threat will be heightened.

Faster than Ever. It remains to be seen whether the Administration can make political capital out of the record expansion. Americans may be making more money than ever, but a recent Gallup poll showed that 60% of them still regarded finances as their most urgent

problem: thanks in part to Medicare, illness was second, noted by only 8%. A Christian Science Monitor survey of the Governors said that they "see the housewife's economic anxieties (and her husband's, too) as overshadowing either Viet Nam or crime in the cities as the issue most likely to be felt at the polls." The game is still keeping up with the neighbors, but the neighbors seem to be running faster than ever.

Inflation could rob Johnson of the potentially powerful pocketbook issue. G.O.P. orators are already putting emphasis on the phrase "profitless prosperity." Though the President may be tempted to campaign on the theme of "You never had it so good," it is doubtful that U.S. voters will give him all the credit. "They think that they had something to do with it, too," says a Democratic strategist. Johnson contends that his proposed 10% surcharge on personal and corporate income taxes would help avert inflation, but he is having little luck in persuading Congress. Unless the surcharge is enacted, he warns, in a particularly infelicitous phrase that he has been using frequently, most Americans will wind up paying an "inaction inflation tax." Example: a family with a \$10,000 income would pay an additional \$110 or so in taxes with the Johnson surcharge, but it would pay \$285 more next year if the surcharge is not enacted and prices continue to rise at their present rate.

No Poor-Mouthing. The dark-side of the boom is the persistence of poverty. Thirty million Americans still live on poverty-level incomes (\$3,000 a year or less for a family). The aged, the nonwhite and the small farm worker are particularly hard hit. In some Negro ghettos, 28% are unemployed—a higher rate than the U.S. as a whole experienced in the depths of the Depression. In addition, problems of air and water pollution, classroom shortages, inadequate mass transportation and urban decay plague the nation.

The resources are available to cope with the problems—Viet Nam notwithstanding. "This country is doing extremely well financially," said Health, Education and Welfare Secretary John



CENSUS BUREAU POPULATION CLOCK
Profound implications for the society.



DE TOCQUEVILLE
The few became the many.

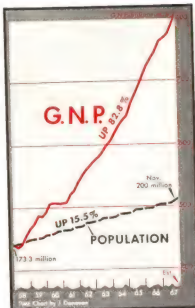
Gardner last week. "To poor-mouth, to say that we can't afford to make our cities livable, is just shocking to me."

Indeed, the nation has taken huge strides forward since the '30s. Franklin Roosevelt's "one-third of a nation" is now closer to one-seventh of a nation; many who are considered "ill-housed, ill-clad and ill-nourished" by today's standards would not have been considered too badly off a generation ago. According to a Government report released by the President last week, the number of Negro families earning less than \$3,000 has been halved, to 32%, in the past two decades, and fully 45% earn over \$5,000 a year.

The trouble is that though progress is being made, the pace seems glacial to those who need help. As Columbia University Sociologist Daniel Bell points out: "A desire for instant reform or instant solutions is deeply ingrained in the American temper, both on the left and the right. The left wants, for example, an immediate end to poverty; the right an immediate victory in Viet Nam." As a result, both are vociferously—and at times quite violently—unhappy.

Within Reach. The population problem may well be of even greater significance to the future of the U.S. than poverty. It took the country nearly three centuries to reach the 100 million mark in 1915, and barely half a century to add the second 100 million.¹ The pop-

¹ As it grew, the population moved steadily west. According to the 1940 census, the center of U.S. population was on the Indiana side of the Wabash River. By 1950, it had shifted to eastern Illinois. The admission of Hawaii and Alaska, plus the rush to California, helped move it to a point just outside Centralia, Ill., about 55 miles east of the Mississippi River, by the 1960 census. Today the center is probably on the western shore of the Mississippi for the first time.



ulation could soar to 300 million as early as 1990, and some demographers see the possibility of half a billion Americans within 50 years. But they have been wrong in the past. In the 1930s, they predicted a decline in U.S. population; in the 1950s, they were talking about a population of 400 million before the end of the century. In the first case, their estimate was proved wrong by the baby boom that followed World War II. In the second, by the pill, the ever-increasing affluence and urbanization of the nation, and the forbidding cost of raising and educating even one or two children. If population growth is slowed and then stabilized, as Duke University Economist Joseph J. Spengler has noted, "the economy will really become opulent, and much of the population affluent."

Affluence for all does indeed seem within reach, despite the difficulty of rooting out the nation's poverty pockets. As usual, it was De Tocqueville who put it best. In the U.S., he predicted more than a century ago, what the few have today, the many will demand tomorrow. What he could not have foreseen was that so many would get so much so soon.

THE WAR

The Real Stalemate

The real impasse over Viet Nam lies not in the frustrating military situation out there but in the strident stalemate of the debate at home. Whatever the original merits of the arguments on either side, most of the debating points have been made so often by now that they impinge on the American imagination about as stirringly as a halibut commercial.

Last week was no exception. The State Department once again lamented

any civilian casualties in North Viet Nam caused by American bombing, but pointed out that Communist terrorism in the South has taken an infinitely greater toll of civilian lives. Michigan's George Romney once again proposed that all of Southeast Asia be "neutralized" and the war "defused." At an impromptu news conference, the President once again affirmed his belief in the right to dissent, but suggested that the dissenters were only playing into the hands of Red propagandists. Minnesota's Democratic Senator Eugene McCarthy once again threatened to run as a "peace candidate" unless Johnson ended the war, and Massachusetts' Ted Kennedy once again decried the maltreatment of refugees.

Hit Him Harder. There were occasional unscripted moments of relief. At Indiana University, Secretary of State Dean Rusk kept his customary cool as he faced a student audience speckled with hecklers shouting "Murderer!" "Fascist!" "Lies!" and "Hell no, we won't go!" Rusk at first shrugged off the heckling with a joke: "Thank you for letting me be your Halloween guest." But after a student yelled, "You invited yourself," the urbane Georgian grew grim. "Let's be clear about one thing, and I'll be as gentle as I can," he said. "I am prepared to be your guest, but I will not engage in a shouting match with anyone." The measured seriousness of the statement sobered the crowd, and later when a little old lady in the audience smote a bearded heckler with her umbrella, a chant went up: "Harder, harder, hit him again harder!"

On the Senate side, talk of turning the Viet Nam question over to the United Nations rumbled on, with Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and Minority Leader Everett Dirksen both supporting such a move. The Foreign Relations Committee also heard U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg clarify for the first time in public the Administration's willingness to allow the Viet Cong to participate in Security Council peace talks.

While the U.N. to date has shown no interest in tackling the Viet Nam dilemma, Goldberg said also that if the Geneva Conference is reconvened, the U.S. will not argue with the conference co-chairmen, Russia and Britain, about invitations or agenda. Thus, the Viet Cong could participate in Geneva talks with no American objection—a significant softening of the U.S. position to date.

DEFENSE

The Space Bomb

For 14 months U.S. space and intelligence experts have intensively analyzed a secret series of Soviet orbital experiments, suspecting from the start that Moscow was building a new space weapon. Last week, in a surprise Pentagon press conference, Defense Secretary McNamara confirmed that assumption.

Though the evidence is not yet definitive, he said, the tests clearly "relate to the possible development by the Soviet Union of a Fractional Orbital Bombing System, or FOBS."

This conclusion was reached by Washington after tracking eleven Soviet launchings since Sept. 17, 1966, in which attempts were made to return pay loads to the ground within less than one complete orbit. The success of the Russian experiments has been such, McNamara indicated, that an orbital bombing system capable of dropping nuclear warheads on America may well be operational some time next year.

Vital Difference. Basically, FOBS can pack the punch of some ICBMs—with a vital difference. Shot into a low orbit of 100 miles, the FOBS rocket slows and ejects its nuclear bomb before completing its route around the globe. This combination would prevent anti-ballistic missile radar (BMEWS), presently the U.S.'s main screen against surprise attack, from ascertaining the point of impact until the rocket "deboosts"—about three minutes and 500 miles from target. By contrast, the U.S. now has a 15-minute warning against ICBMs. Experts say that the Soviet FOBS could carry the maximum pay-load equivalent of 3,000,000 tons of TNT, twice that of the submarine-launched U.S. Polaris missile.

McNamara did his best to minimize the impact of his disclosure. He argued that FOBS is considerably less accurate than ICBMs, which was the primary factor in the U.S. decision against building its own FOBS several years ago. Further, he said, the U.S. has developed an over-the-horizon radar capable of tracking a missile from the moment of blast-off at Russia's Tyuratam ICBM complex; the new radar will be fully operational in February and will give Washington 30 minutes' warning of a potential attack. The new three-stage Spartan anti-ballistic missile will also increase U.S. ability to intercept any incoming missile.

Timing. The Pentagon's current impression is that the Soviet orbital bomb is principally designed against vulnerable American bomber bases. While admitting that there is no foolproof defense against massive Soviet ICBM and FOBS attacks on cities, McNamara argued, as is his wont, that the best deterrent continues to be the immense target killing powers of the ground-based U.S. ICBM arsenal, the roughly 600 nuclear-armed strategic bombers and 650 Polaris missiles.

Since the U.S. had suspected Soviet FOBS development for so long, why did Washington wait until last week to make it official? One answer is that it was only in the past few weeks that ana-

lysts felt the evidence was strong enough. Also, with congressional hearings this week on the nation's missile defense system, McNamara obviously wanted to use his own platform for such a significant disclosure. Finally, no doubt, Washington felt that Moscow might make the announcement during this week's 50th-anniversary celebrations of the Soviet Revolution, and thus create the shattering impression that the U.S. was now wide open to destruction from outer space.

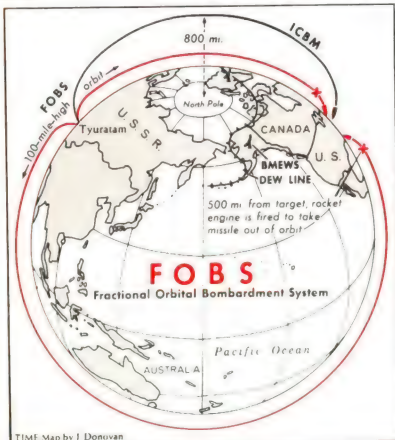
THE CONGRESS

Unfinished Business

Though Congress is not expected to adjourn until mid-December, much of the legislation that Lyndon Johnson regards as vital already seems destined for delay until 1968. Most important of the bogged-down bills is the President's proposal for a 10% tax surcharge and, in the election-year atmosphere of the second session, the bill seems likely once again to provoke a deadlock over spending and taxes. "We are doing nothing," Johnson conceded last week. "We are at a standstill."

What little movement there was bred new delay and debate. A Senate-House conference committee ended a two-month impasse over the foreign aid authorization bill, recommending \$2.67 billion—\$780 million less than the Administration had requested. The conference also decided to abolish a loan program that finances allied arms purchases in the U.S. Meanwhile, a House appropriations subcommittee drew up a different measure that provided even less money and more restrictions on military aid. The bill raising Social Security benefits that is emerging in the Senate is far more generous than the one already voted in the House, while the air-pollution-control measure passed by the House last week provides only two-thirds of the funds approved earlier by the Senate.

No obdurate was the mood on Capitol Hill that a joint conference committee moved not an inch toward resolving a dispute over a normally routine financing measure needed to fund agencies for which regular appropriations are still pending. The House wants to use the financing resolution as a lever to force the White House to make budget cuts of up to \$8 billion while the Senate refuses to cooperate in the play. While the conferees scheduled yet another meeting for this week, the District of Columbia government, the Agency for International Development and the Office of Economic Opportunity—technically dollarless since Oct. 23—struggled to meet payrolls and maintain normal operations. The first casualties were five OEO community-action programs in Florida, Georgia and Mississippi that were forced to close down last week. Thirty others may soon follow.



Atavistic Yearning

Though it has a constitutional duty to give the President its "advice and consent" on treaties, the U.S. Senate exerts little influence on American foreign policy. The Chief Executive, as in most countries today, runs his country's foreign relations. Most Senators reluctantly accept their ever more limited role in this area; some do not. It is thus a measure of Johnson's declining prestige in Congress that the Senate should have seriously considered a resolution declaring that national commitments to foreign governments would henceforth be binding only when Congress agreed on them with the President.

Introduced by Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman J. William Fulbright, the Senate's foremost dove, and co-sponsored by Georgia's Richard Russell, its most powerful hawk, the measure had wide backing, reflecting the upper body's atavistic yearning for a role it thinks it once had. If passed, the resolution would have been no more binding on the President than one asking Americans to be kind to dogs. It would nonetheless have been a rebuke to him, and this consideration swayed some members of the Fulbright committee last week.

Though such a reproach might barely have been noticed when Johnson was high in the polls, today, at the nadir of his popularity, it might be looked upon abroad as a vote of no confidence in all of his foreign policies. The President's current position, some members felt, is simply too weak to stand such a battering. Thus the resolution paradoxically became an even greater measure of Johnson's decline when it was blocked last week. Some such motion may very well pass the Senate this year, but it will probably be so mildly worded that even Johnson will not be too aggrieved.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Northwest's Passage

Over the blare of a dance band, the flat, jarring crack of explosions rang loud and near. "Gee," said a woman. "I hope that's a salute." Hubert Humphrey peered into the rain-swept gloom outside Saigon's Independence Palace and said: "I hope so, too." The three salvos were in fact salutations from the Viet Cong, whose mortarmen thus welcomed the U.S. Vice President to Viet Nam and attempted to turn last week's inaugural reception for President Nguyen Van Thieu and Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky into a wake. Fired from the roof of a shack in downtown Saigon, the shells hit in the palace garden, precisely where Humphrey, Thieu, Ky, Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker and General William C. Westmoreland would have been standing had rain not forced the party indoors.

Syntax Soldier. The shelling was an ominous interlude in the Vice President's three-day swing through South

Viet Nam, a tour of syntax soldiering that found Humphrey at his ebullient best. Traveling by armed Huey helicopter, C-118 transport, Jeep, limousine and shanks' mare, the Vice President—who bore the code name Northwest—couraged from the Delta to the Demilitarized Zone on a threefold mission. First, he talked to American troops—Marines at Danang, flyers back from the air war up North, sailors on river assault boats—urging them not to be dismayed by the dissent at home. Second, he talked through newsmen to the American public, pointing up the progress in the war and calling for patience. Third, he talked to South Viet Nam's newly installed leaders, demand-



HUMPHREY GOLFING IN MALAYSIA
Nation-building is the business.

ing a more vigorous effort in both prosecuting the war and broadening the base of Saigon's government.

"If there are two things that characterize America in war," he told the U.S. embassy staff in Saigon, "they are disagreement and valor." At the burgeoning base of Chu Lai, where he awarded medals to soldiers of the Americal Division, Humphrey reminded his audience that "nation-building is our business," and warned that "unless we win it here, America doesn't have another chance." In sessions with Thieu and Ky, he urged development of sound political parties and an end to the corruption and wrangling that has so often disrupted Vietnamese political life. To one and all, he passed along his primary message: "The Americans are here so that the Vietnamese can develop their own country in their own way. We don't want everything stamped 'Made in the U.S.A.' We want it stamped 'Made in Viet Nam by the Vietnamese for the Vietnamese.'"

Still, the American stamp was ev-

ident wherever the Vice President went. Accompanied by a horde of Secret Service men and military police ("They think I have a machine that spits M.P.s," grouched one provost marshal), he co-opted to the U.S.S. *Benewah*, flagship of River flotilla 1 anchored off the Delta, to pass out Purple Hearts and news from home. "Who won the Minnesota-Michigan game?" asked a Minnesota sailor. "We took them 20 to 15," grinned Old Gopher Humphrey. Jetting up to Phu Bai, a small Marine outpost near the embattled DMZ, he boarded a transport plane for a look at Con Thien and Dong Ha. Circling at 1,500 feet, he watched Marine artillery fire slam the Communist positions hidden among the craters ("Just like Minnesota," he said, pointing to the thousands of rain-filled shell holes), then landed at Danang for an afternoon of pep talks and presentations to Presidential Unit Citation to the Third Marines, Silver Stars and Distinguished Service Crosses to Americans and South Vietnamese troops.

Back at Chu Lai for a pre-departure press conference, Humphrey told reporters: "I almost hate to go back. I haven't heard a single gripe from one American—but when I get back to Washington, I'm sure that I will be able to compensate."

Technical Aid. Humphrey had two other important stops to make before he got back to Greenville. The first was Kuala Lumpur, capital of Malaysia, where Prime Minister Tunku Abdul Rahman said that Malaysia is considering a revival of its rural-assistance program to South Viet Nam, which lapsed with the assassination of President Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963. Malaysia already trains South Vietnamese in police work and American troops in jungle techniques. Warned by the Tunku that Communist China will certainly capture all of Southeast Asia if the war is lost, Humphrey repeated in essence what he had said in Viet Nam: "We mean to stick it out." The Vice President's only defeat of the two-day Malaysian tour came in a golf match at the hands of Deputy Prime Minister Tun Abdul Razak ("I'd like a little bit of technical aid from Malaysia," quipped Hubert). During a tour of the Malaysian Parliament, the Vice President sat in the Speaker's chair and ruefully commented: "The one at home is more wobbly, in more ways than one."

From Malaysia, Humphrey flew on to Djakarta; he was the first top-ranking American to visit the Indonesian capital since "President for Life" Sukarno was eased from power 16 months ago. Fearful that American visibility would only aid the Reds in their comeback attempts, the U.S. has maintained a "low profile" position in Indonesia since the anti-Communist resurgence against Sukarno began in October 1965.

However, Humphrey was greeted by thousands of Indonesians waving tiny paper American flags—a far cry from

the raging mobs that burned and looted the U.S. and British embassies in years past. At a dinner in Humphrey's honor, Acting President Suharto frankly appealed for U.S. economic assistance and warned that "if the economy cannot be improved in a relatively short time" the Indonesian Communist Party might well score a comeback. Clearly, the Indonesian economy would be the key topic during the Vice President's four-day stay—as it was at a conference of world businessmen in Geneva (see BUSINESS).

CALIFORNIA

Credibility in Sacramento

Gesticulating, thumping the lectern and mangling his syntax, the usually supersmooth Ronald Reagan faced a packed audience of newsmen in Sacramento, Calif., last week to quash a columnist's accusation that his administration had harbored a "homosexual ring." He was only partially successful.

Reagan's target was Drew Pearson; his strategy, counterattack. "He's lying," said the Governor of California. "Pearson shouldn't be using a typewriter. He's better with a pencil on out-building walls." How to explain Pearson's attack? "Oh, I don't know. It's Halloween. Maybe that's why he chose to come out from under his rock this way."

Pearson had charged that two members of Reagan's staff were involved, that Reagan had kept them on for about six months after first hearing about their proclivities and that he finally dismissed them, not for moral reasons but because right-wing supporters had objected to the pair's relatively moderate political views. In his best purple prose, Pearson claimed that an all-male "sex orgy" in a Lake Tahoe cabin had been attended by the two staff members, a part-time athletic adviser to Reagan, two sons of a state senator and a Republican campaign consultant.

Leak of Sea. Given Reagan's reputation as a political Mr. Clean and Pearson's as a mud merchant who likes to zero in on conservatives, Reagan's vigorous denial should have left him in the clear. The trouble was that Lynn



SHIRLEY & REPUBLICAN RIVALS
Running the gamut along the Peninsula.

Nofziger, Reagan's communications director and one of his closest subordinates, had himself leaked a similar story to a number of reporters during last month's Governors' Conference aboard the S.S. *Independence*.

The version Nofziger had passed along privately to newsmen was in conflict with some details of the Pearson column but supported the essential element that two staff members suspected of homosexuality had been forced to resign. When challenged at the press conference about Nofziger's statements, Reagan said: "Nothing like that ever happened." Nofziger was standing near by, and Reagan asked: "Want to confirm it, Lynn?" "Confirmed," he replied.

Reagan's explosive reaction magnified what might have been a relatively minor incident. By contrast with scandal involving White House Aide Walter Jenkins in 1964, there was no arrest in the present instance—not for that matter were there any of the national-security implications raised by the Jenkins affair, since a Governor's office is unlikely to have any national secrets worth worrying about. The upshot was to cast doubt both on Reagan's credibility and his tactical skill in dealing with the difficult situations that inevitably confront a major league politician.

Mrs. Black & the Neighbors

"If Shirley Black's middle name were Smith," said one of her toes in next week's California 11th Congressional District primary, "she would not be running for Congress." But it isn't, and she is, and Shirley Temple Black is in the midst of an increasingly silturous campaign that is giving San Mateo County's half-million people a colorful spectrum of choice.

The district, represented for 15 years by the late J. Arthur Younger, a conservative Republican, is in a state of demographic flux. Though the sunny "peninsula," as San Mateo County is

called, is populated largely by well-to-do, conservative-leaning commuters to San Francisco, nearby Stanford University exerts a liberalizing influence, and subdivisions have attracted a big influx of blue-collar workers.

In the past, the Democrats have given up the district without much fight; this time they outnumber registered Republicans 118,000 to 98,000, and while San Mateo backed Goldwater against L.B.J. and Ronald Reagan against Pat Brown, it also voted in the Republican primaries for moderate George Christopher. Reagan and Rockefeller, Goldwater, Mrs. Black faces nine primary opponents, plus write-ins. The serious candidates:

- Conservative Republicans William Draper III, 39, and San Mateo County Sheriff Earl Whitmore, 49. Handsome Bill Draper delights small groups with his friendly politicking, while the sheriff comes across like John Wayne.
- Republican Paul N. ("Pete") McCloskey, 40, crew-cut former Marine Korean War hero who talks like a liberal Democrat, is dovish on Viet Nam.
- Independent Democrat Edward Keating, 42, former publisher of muckraking *Ramparts* magazine, an avowed peace candidate who a year ago under far less happy circumstances for Viet Nam dissidents—contumacious the experts by grabbing 30,000 votes.
- Organization Democrats Roy Archibald, 47, a former San Mateo mayor, and Daniel Monaco, 45, a California state inheritance-tax appraiser, who may cancel each other out and cut into Keating's vote.

The Woman to Beat. Well financed, and protectively handled by the astute political PR firm of Whitaker & Baxter, Mrs. Black stands aloof from the men in her race, refusing to debate, shielding herself from interviews and

From left: William Draper, Paul McCloskey, Shirley, Earl Whitmore.



REAGAN AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Mud for Mr. Clean.

making the rounds of teas and kaffeeklatsches reciting a script of prepared clichés. When someone cracks the simplistic pattern, her pleasant, natural naïveté congeals into frigid, wary courtesy. Yet her aversion to pornography, big government, welfareism, crime, dope and Ho Chi Minh has thrust the gamut of national issues into the campaign along with such peninsular problems as high taxes, education and the noise from San Francisco's airport, which is in the midst of San Mateo County's most densely populated area.

Shirley is the odds-on favorite to win at least a plurality and possibly the 50%-plus-one-vote tally needed for election without a runoff. Nonetheless, as her opponents slug it out, they remind voters that California has already elected former Actors Reagan and George Murphy to high office and talk hopefully of a "Hollywood backlash."

DISASTERS

Siege Season

When the thirsty Santa Ana wind began howling out of the Mojave Desert last week, sucking dry the trees and chaparral, Southern California was only a spark away from a disastrous fire. Heavy spring rains had made the area lush with foliage, then a hot, rainless summer had turned the greenery to tinder. Arsonists and accidents provided the torch.

From the Mexican border to north of Los Angeles, throughout an arid strip 200 miles long, a series of fires raged for three days. Fueled by humidity as low as 1%, temperatures in the 90s and wind shrieking at 70 m.p.h., the fires blackened 109,068 acres, routed more than 5,000 people from their homes, killed five and caused at least \$6,000,000 damage.

Worst of the blazes was in Orange County, just south of Los Angeles. Feeding on sere brush, the flames romped through cordons thrown up by 1,400 firemen and raced toward the wealthy residential areas of Lemon Heights, Cowan Heights, Villa Park and Orange Park Acres. Hundreds of residents were routed; 52 buildings were destroyed, most of them houses—some costing \$100,000.

Other fires raged in San Diego, Riverside, Los Angeles and Ventura Counties. In all but three where the fires were caused by power lines downed in high winds or sparks from construction accidents, juveniles were under investigation for arson. The series of conflagrations was last month's second major outbreak in Southern California. Earlier, more than 80,000 acres were charred and 45 homes destroyed. With no rain in sight and the area's fire season extending from September to January, firemen were braced for the worst. Meanwhile, Governor Ronald Reagan promised he would ask a special session of the legislature "to consider legislation affording tax relief to fire-damaged victims." It seemed the only kind of relief in store.

PHILADELPHIA

Ye Friendly Tobacconist

When he left the dormitory one afternoon last month, University of Pennsylvania Freshman John Walker Green III said he was going to view a collection of rare pipes owned by Campus Tobacconist Stephen Zachary Weinstein. Next day, when Green had not returned to his dorm in Philadelphia, a search was begun, and Weinstein reported that the student had never shown up. Last week Green's body was found in a green steamer trunk bobbing in the Delaware River.

An autopsy showed that Green, 18, son of a Des Moines physician, had been drugged, strangled and sexually assaulted. When police went back to question Weinstein, they discovered he had fled. In the next several days, as half a dozen students came forth to describe their own encounters with Weinstein, it became apparent that the chubby, jolly co-owner of Ye Olde Tobacconist shop was more than just a friendly neighborhood storekeeper.

Police charged that Bachelor Weinstein, 29, was in the habit of striking up friendships with students, then drugging them and, while they were barely conscious, torturing and assaulting them homosexually.

Odd Jobs. James Hammell, 14, a Philadelphia high school student who performed odd jobs for Weinstein, told police last week that he walked into the tobacco shop on the day of Green's disappearance and found him unconscious on the floor. "Weinstein wanted me to kill the boy but I wouldn't," said Hammell. Instead, they tried to revive him by holding spirits of ammonia under his nose and splashing him with apple cider. According to Hammell, Weinstein then poured the spirits of ammonia down Green's throat, causing him to go into convulsions.

Hammell, who then left the shop, said that Weinstein told him next day he had killed Green "by choking him

and hitting him in the head with a board." Weinstein gave him \$50 to help stuff the body into a trunk and load it in a rented car, Hammell told police. Then Weinstein, Hammell and two teenage friends drove into the countryside to find a burial place. Hammell said that the ground was either too muddy or too hard, and they decided to return to Philadelphia and throw the trunk in the river.

Offers Refused. The three teen-agers told police that Weinstein had once given them \$100 to kill a student, which they refused to do, and four other times begged them to murder students whom he had drugged. Weinstein used chloral hydrate (knockout drops) disguised in mustard and spread on hamburgers to drug his young friends, said the boys. He had also bragged to them of killing a student earlier in the year and burying his body in a cellar.

By week's end, Hammell and the two other teen-agers were under arrest on charges of being accessories to murder. Weinstein, too, was in jail after a Philadelphia theatrical agent recognized him in Manhattan's Times Square and pointed him out to a policeman. After trying to run away, Weinstein surrendered without a struggle. Meanwhile, detectives were searching for other possible victims in the cellars of Weinstein's house and shop.

CIVIL RIGHTS

Birmingham Revisited

Martin Luther King, one of few winners of the Nobel Peace Prize to admit to even a single incarceration, marched off to jail last week for at least the 15th time. Garbed in his regular Bass-tile Day uniform—denim shirt, sweater and blue work pants—King flew from Atlanta to Birmingham, Ala., toting three books, the Bible, John Kenneth Galbraith's *The New Industrial State*, and William Styron's *The Confessions of Nat Turner*. He was whisked by sheriff's deputies to the Bessemer



WEINSTEIN

With knockout drops in the mustard and ammonia down the throat.



TRUNK THAT CONTAINED BODY

jail, about twelve miles from Birmingham in a Ku Klux Klan stronghold. "I am sad," he noted, "that the Supreme Court could not uphold the rights of individual citizens in the face of deliberate use of oppression."

King and three associates were jailed after the U.S. Supreme Court's refusal to re-examine its earlier 5 to 4 decision upholding their state court conviction for contempt. The charges stemmed from a Good Friday march in 1963, led by King against Birmingham's lunch-counter and rest-room segregation, despite a state court injunction forbidding demonstrations.

On his second day in jail, King fell ill with a virus, and was later transferred to a Birmingham jail equipped with better facilities. After four days, King was freed. "We don't want to work hardship on anybody," said Circuit Judge William C. Barber. "He's served enough time."

AMERICANS ABROAD

Frangipani & Bafflegab

Calm and seemingly cool in 90° heat, the young woman walked down the red carpet at Phnompenh's Pochentong Airport, escorted by Cambodia's Prince Norodom Sihanouk, all smiles and a torrent of French. An exotically garbed palace guard held a giant green parasol over their heads to screen them from the afternoon sun, and 200 schoolgirls in bright green *sampans*, the traditional skirts, sprinkled her path with fragrant rose and jasmine petals, which they carried in silver bowls—the Buddhist way, explained Sihanouk, of honoring very special guests.

At the end of the carpet, waiting to be introduced, stood the Cambodian court, the government elite, and the diplomatic corps, including representatives of many Communist countries. For Jacqueline Kennedy, fulfilling a long-held dream of visiting the fabled ruins of Angkor, there must also have been a sense of *déjà vu*. Her reception in Cambodia rivaled any she had received when she was the wife of the President of the United States.

The entire journey, in fact, had the trappings of a presidential—or royal—cavalcade. To make sure that her twelve-hour flight from Rome, where she stopped en route, to Bangkok would be both safe and comfortable, Alitalia stripped, searched and then replaced her plane's inside furnishings, made up a special 3-ft. by 6-ft. bed for her in what is usually the first-class lounge. The Pope, Women's Wear Daily noted in its distinctively catty way, is given no better treatment. In Bangkok, she was met by Thai officials, slept at the Thai government's guesthouse before being ferried on to Phnompenh by a U.S. Air Force C-54.

Keys of the Kingdom. Accompanied on her journey by Britain's Lord Harlech and New York Lawyer Michael Forrestal—both old friends and both



SIGHTSEEING AT ANGKOR

With the trappings of a royal cavalcade and a certain sense of déjà vu.

tagged by gossips as possible suitors—together with Washington Journalist Charles Bartlett and his wife, Mrs. Kennedy was almost literally given the keys of the kingdom, whose ruler has been virulently anti-American.

Khemarin Palace, formerly the home of Cambodian sovereigns and now a residence for state guests, was put at her disposal, and the ruler's son-in-law, Prince Monirak, was assigned as her aide. A gala dinner in Chamear Mon Palace on the Mekong River was followed by a performance of the royal ballet. With white frangipani blossoms in her hair, Princess Bopha Devi, Sihanouk's stunningly beautiful daughter and star of the ballet, led ten dancers in a re-enactment of Cambodian legends, and the Prince, enchanted by his guest, bubbled with *jeu d'esprit*. Jackie, in a lime green gown edged with silver to match her shoes, bantered with him in French and seemed to enjoy the occasion as much as he did. In serious vein, Sihanouk had warm words for her husband, who, he said pointedly, had "lit a light that has never been relit and which we miss cruelly today."

Light Lunch. From Phnompenh, the Kennedy party flew on to Angkor—a mysterious, romantic relic of the great Khmer civilization that vanished in war and bloodshed some time in the 15th century. Besides barring newsmen for most of the stay, the Cambodian hosts set up a "picnic lunch" (five dishes and two wines) for the tourists under tall hardwood trees, charmed them with the soft sounds of tiny gongs, cymbals and bamboo flutes. "Magnificent, magnificent" was Jackie's description of the ruins.

At night, the brooding hulk of Angkor Wat, the best known of the Khmer



GREETED BY SIHANOUK IN PHNOMPENH

temples, was illuminated by candles, torches and floodlights. Strolling barefoot through the shadows, Jackie paused to run her fingers over the stone friezes that depicted the ancient battles between gods and men. From Angkor, the Kennedy party was to go to the port city of Sihanoukville, where Jacqueline was to rename a street "Avenue President Kennedy," and then back to Thailand, where she was to dine with the King and Queen.

An American Tourist. The trip was billed simply as the private visit of an American tourist, but of course nothing that Jacqueline Kennedy—or any other Kennedy—does is ever simple or very private. Though the State Department had no hand in promoting the tour, Washington was nonetheless pleased by it, and hoped that it might prestage an improvement in American-Cambodian relations, which have been almost nonexistent. Sihanouk broke off relations with the U.S. in 1965, as a protest against the bombing of a Cambodian village by South Vietnamese planes. The U.S., for its part, has repeatedly complained about Cambodia's complaisant provision of safe refuge for the Viet Cong.

The visit may have helped "to relax" relations, Sihanouk later said, but it did nothing to alter the Prince's conviction that "sooner or later, all Asia will be Chinese." In nearly three hours of bullgag at a press conference, he unequivocally supported Hanoi's terms for ending the war in Viet Nam. As soon as America stopped sending planes over the Cambodian border and recognized his country's "territorial integrity," allowed the Prince, he would be delighted to resume diplomatic relations with Washington.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO PATRIOTISM?

AMID the cacophony of protest against current U.S. foreign policy, it may be hard to believe that Nathan Hale ever cried: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." For many Americans, who through the years thought that a rather wonderful thing to say, it is even harder to believe that today so many young men chant a new anthem: "Hell, no, we won't go!" Indeed, the phenomenon of bitter antiwar protest reflects profound changes in U.S. attitudes toward patriotism—an emotion once proudly shouted from the rooftops but now seldom even discussed. Is patriotism dead? Outdated? Should it still enter the discussion of grave national issues?

Patriotism is just as important as ever. The problem is in defining it—and few definitions are so elusive. It consists of three distinct but interrelated emotions—love of country, pride in it, and desire to serve its best interests. The love is easily traced to man's natural affection for his particular home, language and customs. The word patriotism comes from *pater*, Greek for father, and means love for a fatherland. From the love flows pride; the firm belief that one's country is good and perhaps superior to all others—a pride not only in the country's objective worth but because that worth enhances one's own.

Adlai Stevenson's definition was expectedly eloquent. "When an American says that he loves his country," he declared, "he means not only that he loves the New England hills, the prairies glistening in the sun, the wide and rising plains, the great mountains, and the sea. He means that he loves an inner air, an inner light in which freedom lives and in which a man can draw the breath of self-respect." Eric Hoffer, the philosopher-longshoreman has a more prosaic but very pragmatic description: "The day-to-day competence of the workman." He adds: "If I said I was leading ships for Mother America, even during a war, I would be laughed off the docks. In Russia, they can't build an outhouse without having a parade and long speeches. This is the strength of America."

Few people seem to be willing to proclaim their patriotism these days, and Fourth of July oratory has gone out of fashion. But John F. Kennedy's inaugural address was squarely in the old spine-tingling tradition. "Ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country." And more: "Let every nation know, whether it wishes us well or ill, that we shall pay any price, bear any burden, meet any hardship, support any friend, oppose any foe to assure the survival and the success of liberty." There was an affirmation in the best spirit of patriotic oratory, and it forced the blood up into the temples of people who never really expected to feel that way.

Right & Wrong

For centuries, countless thinkers have denounced patriotic pride for one of its unhappiest effects: the irrational hatred that one people aims at a "lesser" people. Arnold Toynbee attributes the death of Greco-Roman civilization to patriotic wars between city states—and failure to establish international law. Early Christians rejected patriotism on the ground that man's obligations are to God, and after that to all of humanity. A Jesuit general once called patriotism "the most certain death of Christian love." There is no question that chauvinism—hyperpatriotism—can be induced in any country, including a democracy, where truth may be a poor competitor in the marketplace of ideas. A tragic example is Germany, where Nazi excesses in the name of the fatherland left such scars that today patriotism is for Germans an embarrassing idea.

At its root, patriotism bore no such scar. In 1578, during the Dutch-Flemish revolt against Spanish rule, the word patriot was first used to mean one who represents people and

country against the king. By the 18th century, patriotism denoted love of a free country; devotion to human rights as well as nationalism. To Stephen Decatur's famous toast "Our country may she always be right; but our country right or wrong?" Carl Schurz later replied: "When right, to be kept right; when wrong, to be put right." Who decides what is right and what is wrong? The Schurz position suggests that the only valid answer to that question is the free individual conscience—indeed, that true love of country involves criticism as well as praise, for mere acquiescence may be mindless indifference.

The Essence of Americanism

Chaotic—or even anarchic—as that answer may seem, it is the base of U.S. patriotism. At the end of the 18th century, nothing was more quixotic than trying to nationalize 13 hostile colonies, assorted religious sects, and 2,500,000 individualists. The colonists were so unimpressed by the Revolution that one-third of them sided with Britain. At Valley Forge, George Washington wrote that patriotic idealism could not inspire his ragged, ill-trained army, that it must be toughened by "a prospect of interest or some reward." He meant cash. Only well after victory did the shaky American nation burst forth with an optimistic self-image based on the idea that the humane spirit of 18th century enlightenment could be fully realized for the first time anywhere. General Washington called himself "a citizen of the great republic of humanity at large," and countless divines proclaimed Americans to be God's chosen people. "We are acting for all mankind," said Thomas Jefferson. Beneficent fate "imposed on us the duty of proving what is the degree of self-government in which a society may venture to leave its individual members."

The very fact that the U.S. was a nation only in name produced a fervent drive to create national symbols that sometimes obscured Jefferson's aspirations. The drive was fueled by waves of immigrants rushing to a virgin continent that offered fabulous opportunities for self-advancement. The gold-rush spirit animated Americanism, the country's unestablished religion. The whole public-school system was aimed at Americanization. Noah Webster's spelling book taught American English to Germans, Poles, Swedes, Italians—and declared that "Europe is grown old in folly, corruption and tyranny." Geography was American, and America was bigger than the universe, the finest, happiest and soon to be the strongest nation on earth. Parson Weems's biography beatified Washington; Fourth of July speeches were gravely heeded. Even arithmetic books instilled patriotism. Symbols burgeoned—Old Glory, the Liberty Bell, the bald eagle, Uncle Sam. Everyone memorized militant songs, such as *Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean* ("Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue"). And McGuffey readers—hardly a child alive could not recite Longfellow's verse:

*Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!*

The symbolism, the national heroes, the sacred founding documents, the optimistic faith in progress—all these unified and inspired millions of uprooted immigrants in an often frighteningly free society. The mood filled a basic human need: never do men so long to belong as when they give up one fatherland for another. Conversely, the U.S. proposition was freedom from orthodoxy. There was not—and is not—any one perfect Americanism. Not in a country that cherishes diversity as a national virtue.

But if diversity is a condition of freedom, it is also a recipe for self-interest—and a patriotism that sometimes reaches

no deeper than symbols. Over the years, peacetime patriotism in the U.S. was expressed as a wealth of other emotions: how Americans feel about America is clearly linked to how they feel about themselves functioning in America. Thus in the 19th century every imaginable interest group claimed superior nativity. Businessmen denounced unionists as alien anarchists; each generation of naturalized immigrants scorned each later wave of "foreigners," notably Roman Catholics, victims of outrageous persecution by the nativist Know-Nothings of the 1850s. Just before the Civil War, slavery apologists attributed to themselves the one true Americanism; some Southerners wanted to claim the Stars and Stripes as their own flag.

Abraham Lincoln showed the humility of a genuine patriot when he did not claim that God was on his side but prayed that he might be on God's. Over the long run, the U.S. approach to its national interest has nearly always been suffused with a highly moral tone. At times, that tone has been debased, as it was by those who saw in the Spanish-American War a crusade to "Christianize" the heathen, provide God's chosen with more markets and advance their "resistless march toward the commercial supremacy of the world." This led Andrew Carnegie, Mark Twain, ex-President Cleveland and other dissenters to denounce what they called President McKinley's "effort to extinguish the spirit of 1776." They held with Lincoln, they said, that "no man is good enough to govern another man without that man's consent." To many Americans, that was the very essence of Americanism—and, ultimately, they carried the day. The U.S. gave Cuba and the Philippines back to the people.

Rise & Decline

"The office of America is to liberate," said Emerson, "to abolish kingship, priesthood, caste, monopoly, to pull down the gallows, to burn up the bloody statute-book, to take in the immigrant, to open the doors of the sea and the fields of the earth." No nation has ever undertaken a similar task, and it is hardly surprising that the American path has often been strewn with monumental confusions as well as good intentions. Wilsonian idealism did not make the world safe for democracy in World War I; it wound up driving disillusioned Americans into an isolationism that probably helped pave the way for World War II.

That war brought, perhaps, the greatest wave of patriotism in U.S. history. Fix the hour at 6 p.m., Dec. 7, 1941. It was an hour of intense feeling for country, outrage at the shedding of American blood, a sense of common danger, resolve to defeat the enemy. A people that had been divided hours before was mobilized by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor; millions shifted from self-interest to self-sacrifice. In the wake of World War II came a subtle and complex act of patriotism, the Marshall Plan, embodying not only the best of American ideals but also the wisest of American self-interest. In its wake also came a minority phenomenon that has recurred in the U.S. and other nations throughout history: superpatriotism. The post-World War II variety, with its aspects of stupidity and neuroticism, was personified by Joe McCarthy.

The relatively few, noisy disciples of McCarthyism created a highly inaccurate picture of the place of patriotism in the U.S. and gave it a bad name. The truth is that most Americans are casual patriots most of the time. Whatever national loyalty a man feels is indirect, the product of satisfaction with his job, family, friends, union, church, country. It asked what other country he might prefer, he draws a blank. Rarely have Americans hated America enough to commit treason, renounce citizenship or denigrate their country while abroad. Saul Alinsky, the professional agitator, says with some surprised self-analysis: "Get me outside the country and suddenly I can't bring myself to say one nasty thing about the U.S." Such pride goes far beyond material advantages. In a 1963 survey, two U.S. political scientists asked 5,000 citizens of five countries what made them proudest. Of the Americans, 85% cited their country's political institutions, compared with 46% of Britons, 30% of Mexicans, 7% of Germans and 3% of Italians.

At a time when nationalism is growing in many parts of the world, the visible, audible evidence suggests that U.S. patriotism has taken a different turn and declined. One pointed comparison: in 1942, despite segregation, Joe Louis happily served because "what's wrong with my country ain't nothing Hitler can fix." In 1967, despite great progress toward desegregation, Cassius Clay refuses to serve because "I don't have no quarrel with those Viet Congs."

Roman Catholic Bishop Fulton Sheen sees patriotism as "essentially linked with love of parents, neighbor and of God." Since these relationships, he feels, have deteriorated, so has patriotism. Episcopal Bishop James Pike, who defines patriotism as "loyalty to law and order and support of the positive purposes of the Government that makes possible one's freedom," finds no evidence of decline. He sees only change, toward increased exercise of individual conscience and greater "moral sensitivity."

Others, in different terms and with their own degree of subjectivity, assay contemporary patriotism in even sharper contrast. Historian Henry Steele Commager thinks the dissenters of 1967 are the real patriots. "Those who have the most affection for the country," he says, "are those who are most alienated from its present policies. Those who are not affectionate are those who are selling out the cities and failing to educate the poor. I don't think it shows any love for country to be spending all our money on bombs and ignoring the rest of our problems." At the other pole is the view of Oren Lee Staley, of Corning, Iowa, a dissenter in his own right as head of the National Farmers Organization, which does not hesitate to protest U.S. farm policies. Speaking for country people, Staley says: "Although they do not understand all that is involved in Viet Nam, they do understand one thing. We as a nation have a commitment. They support the country because of their heritage. They want to see protected what they are part of and the heritage they are proud of."

In the Process of Change

These differences reflect a truism: patriotism has become more individualistic as U.S. society has grown more complex. The U.S. people, in their modern, more urban way of life, are better educated, more aware of the world and more sophisticated than their forebears. For the past decade, the young have grown up in an era of self-criticism, and have learned to question American assumptions. They have also learned an idealism that often lacks realism—notably an awareness that power and politics are inescapable facts of international life. Their definition of patriotism must be worked out in the context of a war that has none of the clear-cut aspects of Pearl Harbor, at a time when the country's internal problems are being examined with unprecedented intensity and emotion, and under a President who, despite all his efforts, has not been able to stir fervor in the hearts of his countrymen.

Out of all this comes the current pattern of dissent which disturbs the President and many other Americans. For 185 years, perhaps no other country has given more legal protection to dissenters than the U.S. Every effort to repress dissent has, in the long run, brought an enlargement of the rights of free speech and press. Even in the most strained times, few intelligent Americans have attacked dissent as disloyalty. Given the U.S. proposition, no shade of opinion is unpatriotic—unless it advocates violence or overthrow of the Government. Unhappily, a few extreme dissenters tend toward that direction; that some assault the impregnable Pentagon is evidence of a sadly impotent search for meaning, of disbelief in the U.S. political process, of something gone wrong in the U.S. pursuit of happiness—or, perhaps, of the Administration's inability to give large segments of American youth a meaningful vision.

The hope is that there will be another change in feeling, that sterile extremism will go the way of McCarthyism, that Americans, young as well as old, will return to a Lincolnian patriotism that permits each man pride in his own country and strives for a world in which all men can pursue their own ideal of freedom.

THE WORLD

RUSSIA

The Second Revolution

(See Cover)

When they came to power in October 1917, many of the Bolsheviks seriously doubted that they could govern the vast, chaotic land of Russia by themselves. "We can't hold out!" cried one of the prominent leaders, Lev Kameney. Lenin himself hoped at first that the October Revolution would last as long as the Paris Commune of 1871—71 days—to serve as a warning to capitalism. "It is most surprising," he later said, "that there was no one there to kick us out immediately." This week, to mark the 50 years that have passed since that shaky start, the Soviet Union is holding the biggest birthday party in its history. Beneath all the fanfare, however, beneath the orgy of self-praise and the endless litanies of statistics, today's Russia and its leaders are also troubled by doubts and uncertainty about the future.

The indisputable achievements of Soviet Russia—in space, science, education, industrial growth—have been amply chronicled in an unprecedented anniversary outpouring. From feudal czarist Russia the heirs of Marx and Lenin have created a modern state that trails only the U.S. in power and pro-

* Russia celebrates the anniversary on Nov. 7 because in 1917 it kept time by the Julian calendar, which ran 13 days behind the Gregorian calendar used in the West. It adopted the Gregorian in 1918.

duction. Moreover, though no country has ever freely elected a Communist government, they have managed to impose their ideology on one-third of the earth's population, about one billion people.

The cost of it all has been huge. The vicious civil war that followed the Bolshevik coup decimated the Russian population and laid waste the land. The Stalinist reign of terror destroyed millions of Russians, among them many of the most intelligent and talented, and put a permanent sear of guilt on the nation's psyche. Industrialization was accomplished only by forced labor and the long and severe deprivation of the populace. The self-defeating collectivization of agriculture was squeezed from the blood and brows of the stolid and melancholy peasantry. Fear has been the single most dominant characteristic of 50 years of Communism.

Despite the burden of such a legacy, Russia is changing faster and in more ways than at any time in its history. Instead of the fiery prophet Lenin, the obsessed and brutal Stalin or the bubbly and unpredictable Khrushchev, it is led today by an oligarchy of sober, cautious bureaucrats who embody the country's new striving for respectability. Under the aegis of Premier Aleksei Nikolaevich Kosygin, 63, whose hound-dog countenance is better known in the West than the two or three others with whom he shares power, the government is experimenting with economic liberalization and cautiously widening the still

narrow limits of individual freedom and expression. Ideology, long the great bugaboo of Soviet life, is being sacrificed to pragmatism in order to get things done. And the regime is facing a growing gap between Russia's government and its citizens, brought about by the onslaught of technology and the rise of new and striving classes in the "classless society."

Communism's first 50 years must be judged primarily by its effects on "the fatherland of socialism," by the way in which it has affected Russian life and Russia's attitudes toward the rest of the world. (I'm here examining five important facets of that life: 1) whether the revolution has lived up to its own promise, 2) what effects Communism has had on the Russian character, 3) the quality of life in Russia today, 4) the effectiveness of the present leadership, and 5) the thrust, or lack of it, in Russia's foreign policy.)

The Unfulfilled Promise of Communism

The October Revolution promised far more than it was even remotely capable of producing: nothing less than the restructuring of man himself. Despite their adulation of materialism, the Bolsheviks naively dreamed of a society governed by goodness, set up to eliminate selfishness and devoted to building a paradise for the humble. "Man will become immeasurably stronger, wiser and subtler," said Leon Trotsky. "His body will become more harmonized, his voice more musical. The average human type will rise to the heights of an Aristotle, a Goethe, a Marx."

Today's Soviet citizen has not quite reached those heights, and does not breathe Trotsky's name. Nor does his society in any way conform to what Marx's followers set out to build. Though the state was supposed to fade away in time, Russia has become the world's biggest bureaucratic nightmare: the state is omnipresent and oppressive, frustrating its citizens and slowing economic progress. Instead of a classless society devoted to the interests of the workers, Communism has spawned a new privileged caste of party members and bureaucrats whose style of life includes villas, limousines, maids and even special shops in which they can buy scarce Western luxuries. In Russia today, the worker and peasant are still where they always were: at the bottom.

When it comes to the economy, the regime is desperately struggling to free itself from the uncompromising bonds of its own doctrine. In Communist theory, man's ego was to be directed toward communal and other selfless pursuits in the workers' state. But Russia's rulers have found that without incentives people work as little as they can; farmers in their own small garden plots produce more potatoes each year than do all the collective farms together.



THE KREMLIN WITH THE VODOVZVODNAYA TOWER IN FOREGROUND
Desperate struggle to escape the bonds of doctrine.

Marxism-Leninism has proved to be both a bar to an efficient economy and a drag on agriculture. Under reforms first proposed by Kharkov University Economist Evsei Liberman, the Russians have chucked much Marxist dogma; there are now incentive bonuses for workers and farmers and greater discretion for factory managers.

The Marxist belief in the solidarity of socialist states has been rudely shattered both by Russia's dispute with China and by the independent ways adopted by the countries of Eastern Europe. The Communist monolith has crumbled into testy denominationalism, and the Marxist mystique of Communism's historical inevitability has not fared much better. Revolution has not hit the Western countries, as Marx predicted, nor taken root in such misery-laden former colonial lands as India. In such countries as East Germany and Hungary, Communist regimes are maintained only by the presence of Russian soldiers or the vigilance of local troops and state police. Many new or underdeveloped nations feel that, whatever lures it may possess, Communism comes with too high a price tag of coercion and terror.

I like a giant moth attempting to break out of a cocoon. Soviet Communism is trying to rid itself of a doctrine conceived a century ago in a far different world. Though Lenin had to revise Marx to fit the Russian pattern, it was Nikita Khrushchev who launched the official decline of the doctrine. Faced with the necessity of solving countless economic and social problems, today's Soviet planners find such Marxist theories as class revolution and "the dictatorship of the proletariat" just plain nuisances. The Chinese are right, of course: the Russians are revisionists. In a very real sense, Russia has survived Marxism more than it has been formed by it. "The revolution is over," says Glasgow University Sovietologist Alec Nove. "Its rationalities, its logic, have little further relevance so far as economic organization is concerned."

Communism & the Russian Character

A half century of constant exposure to propaganda and an enforced ignorance of the rest of the world have had their effect on Russia's citizens, but the Communists have succeeded neither in expunging nor in radically shifting their deep human character traits. The Communist regime has obviously convinced most Russians of the virtues of socialism and persuaded them to take a class-conscious view of history. By its achievement, it seems to have given them more self-esteem and pride in their country than the mass of Russians have ever had before. Gone is the obsequious *muzhik* whose manners were formed by centuries of serfdom. No longer pervasive is the type that Lenin belittled as "the exhausted, hysterical, misery-mongering intellectual who, publicly beating his breast, cries: 'I am bad, I am vile.'"



PODGORNII, KOSYGIN, BREZHNEV & SUSLOV AT MOSCOW PARTY CONGRESS
Pragmatists to replace the naive dreamers.

The Russian's outlook has perhaps been altered more by industrialization and urbanization than by any methodical attempt to reshape his consciousness. Nonetheless, he is basically what he has been for centuries. He retains much of his *shirakava dusha*, or boundless generosity, his emotionalism, his stolid endurance, his hatred and distrust of authority and, at the same time, his deep need for it. Despite widespread atheism and official disapproval, religion is proving increasingly difficult to root out. The Baptists, who appeal to the Russian soul with their fundamentalism, are growing steadily, now have more than 3,000,000 members. Even if its inhabitants rarely attend a religious service, practically every Russian village still celebrates the name day of the local church's patron saint.

During the Stalin period, most Russians managed to acquire an official self that they presented to all but their closest friends: they were Bolshevized into becoming suspicious, stilted and somber in their dealings with others. Today's less cruel but still existing repression, says Princeton Historian James Billington, "breeds exasperation and contempt more than terror." But if the Russian is somewhat more open now, he is still burdened by what University of Toronto Sociologist Lewis Feuer calls "socialist pessimism": the feeling that frustration, pain and deprivation are in the nature of things and that nothing can be done about them. This attitude, conditioned by the endless bureaucracy and the regimentation of life, may be partly responsible for Russia's declining birth rate.

Still, Feuer, who recently spent half a year in Russia doing research, believes that another philosophy is struggling to emerge. Freed of the terror, encouraged by the thought that liberalization may continue, unburdened of at least some of the Marxist mythology, today's Russia is witnessing the gradual reassertion of "the values of individualism, of questioning, of the religious

spirit, of the ethical personality, of human relations transcending party comradeship." It is difficult to guess just how far the Kremlin will allow this trend to go. But its existence nonetheless proves that the Russian character has survived Communism with a small corner still devoted to the independent perception of the truth.

The Quality of Russian Life

It has become a Western cliché to say that the Russians are better off today than ever before. Yet, despite its industrial muscle, Russia generally lags behind not only the Western European countries but also behind most of the Communist bloc in Eastern Europe in the quality and variety of the goods—and the *divertissements*—that it offers its people. Marx foresaw a turning point in the evolution of socialism when quantity of output would be transmuted into quality. Like so many other of his predictions, that has not come to pass.

For all its productive power, for all its feats in space, the Soviet economy seems unable to produce a doorknob that always turns, a door that closes properly, a light fixture that works on the first try, a toilet that flushes consistently. The average Russian's clothes are shabby, ill-fitting and expensive; it takes half a month's wages to buy a pair of shoes. His diet is dependent on the seasons and painfully monotonous. On the average, the Russian has only nine square yards of space in which to live, and young newblows normally stay with their parents for the first few years of their marriage. Only one Russian in 228 has a car, compared with one out of 2.5 people in the U.S. Even when the Soviet Union triples its output of autos to 600,000 in the early 1970s, when a new plant to be set up by Fiat in Russia will be running, it will make fewer cars than the U.S. produced in 1971.

The picture does have its lighter tones. Under the present government, wages are rising and the standard of living

ing has improved everywhere—even deep in Siberia, where log cabins in the muddy villages now have TV aerials on their roofs. As a citizen of the Soviet Union, the Russian enjoys a large measure of security and many social benefits. Both husband and wife must normally take jobs to support a family, but the Russian gets high-quality medical and hospital care for nothing, pays practically no rent, can go to a university free—if he can pass the entrance exams—and is entitled to a pension at age 60 (55 for women) of between 50% and 100% of his former income. The entire country is gradually being put on a five-day work week.

Meantime, the vast reshuffling of the Soviet economy has proceeded at an almost breakneck pace. Since Economist Liberman made his first proposals five years ago, more than 5,500 factories, accounting for one-third of the country's total industrial output, have been converted to a system that makes both managers' and workers' incomes heavily dependent upon profit and, in consequence, on the level of sales. This has spurred a flurry of interest in the consumer's tastes and purchasing power and even an official campaign to introduce radio commercials and improve product packaging, window displays, neon lighting, and other once-deprecated Western advertising techniques.

As the economic reforms move forward, Russian life is undergoing the greatest degree of liberalization since the revolution's early days. There is increasing freedom of speech and opinion—though in a much smaller amount than in the West. After years of jamming, Russians are now allowed to hear the BBC, Radio Liberty and other Western radio stations without interference. The youth newspaper *Komsomolskaya Pravda* has taken to giving teen-agers advice on such formerly taboo subjects as "How short should a miniskirt be?" The socialist answer: Every girl should decide for herself, depending upon the attractiveness of her legs and the chilliness of the weather. Public-opinion polls, which were long banned, have suddenly become a craze. One question not being asked: Do you approve of the job that Premier Kosygin and his colleagues are doing?

Despite the recent relaxation, life in the Soviet Union has a boring and sometimes even a brutish quality. Outside his home, the Russian cannot walk, sit down or breathe without seeing a slogan, a flag, a statistic, a portrait of Lenin, a piece of heroic Soviet statuary. He is rarely allowed to tour outside the Soviet Union by himself, even in other

socialist countries, and he must show an internal passport when he travels within his own country. A Russian spends much of his free time standing in queues, where he must push and heave to defend his place. Partly because of boredom, alcoholism is widespread; every park in Moscow has its nightly yield of inert bodies that are dragged off to sobering-up stations.

Russians remain at the mercy of the party's pervasive presence—and its caprices. The secret police are still a powerful institution, even if their more brutal techniques have been curbed. In the courts, the regime lately takes more care to keep an outward show of legality, but it easily ignores the law when

amnestied tens of thousands of petty criminals, but it did not free Writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel, who are serving long sentences in hard-labor colonies for publishing abroad works critical of the government.

Few people are any longer executed for political crimes, but the legacy of Stalinism has made an enduring impression on the everyday lives of most Russians. In the fourth volume of his memoirs, entitled *Post-War Years: 1945-54*, Novelist Ilya Ehrenburg wrote that "it is far easier to change policy and the economic system than to alter human consciousness." Russians, said Ehrenburg, who died in September, "have been unable to divest themselves of a sense of constriction, of fear, of castrinity, of survivals from the past." Today, most Russians long only for a quiet life, a little more freedom, a few more privileges, a bit more self-respect. Despite all the anniversary hoopla, the kind of enthusiasm produced by the revolution is almost bankrupt.

Effectiveness of the Present Leadership

"Even a cook can rule a state," Lenin once proclaimed in his dogmatic fashion. Today, Russia is ruled by committee rather than by a single man—and thus is afflicted with too many cooks in the kitchen. They are an elite of highly trained and sophisticated technical managers, who call themselves a *kollektivnost rukovodstva* (collectivity of leadership). Though they continue to follow the general policies set down by Khrushchev, they have replaced the lush disorder and impulsiveness of his personalized government with more deliberate, rational procedures. They move only after elaborate consultations, try to be not only secretive but faceless as well, and generally appear cautious, bureaucratic and dull.

This collegial leadership is dominated by a troika made up of Premier Kosygin, Party General Secretary Leonid Brezhnev, 60, and President Nikolai Podgorniy, 64, the chief of state. A fourth man also regularly joins the decision-making executive committee of the eleven-man Politburo: Party Ideologist Mikhail Suslov, 65, whose position seems to have stayed almost the same through several changes in leadership. Of the top four, none was old enough to have had a major role in the revolution, and all but Suslov were trained as technocrats: Kosygin was a textile engineer and factory manager, Brezhnev a surveyor and metallurgical engineer.

The top men are well balanced against one another, and have divided up the job of ruling Russia. As party boss, Brezhnev controls vast patronage and for this reason is undoubtedly the most powerful member of the group. He also concentrates on the reform of Soviet agriculture and has overall responsibility for the increasingly delicate task of maintaining relations with the other Communist countries. Premier Kosygin is a sort of executive vice president who runs the regime's industrial



CHILDREN AT MOSCOW SPACE MONUMENT
Survival with one small corner of truth.

convenient; the party, after all, is above the law. Some dissenters against the regime have been classed as "parasites" and sent to prison under broad vagrancy laws. Others have been diagnosed as mentally ill and ordered confined in psychiatric hospitals.

The most restive Russians are the intellectuals, who find increasingly unbearable a society in which creativity has been so consistently sacrificed to patriotic duty. For the most part, the regime continues to coddle compliant and unadventurous writers and artists, and to censor and chastise those whose work strays far from the official art form known as "socialist realism." For those who may ever have doubted it, Ministers of Culture Ekaterina Furtseva recently gave assurances that the party is not about to reverse its literary policy and publish books that contain "unjust generalizations," such as Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago*. Last week the regime

liberalization, takes care of the Russian consumer—whose needs this year for the first time are given precedence over heavy industry—and handles the Kremlin's relations with the U.S. and other Western countries. Podgorny deals with the Arab countries and the underdeveloped nations.

The present regime overthrew Khrushchev not only because it found many of his actions boorish and his policies impetuous, but also because he had a way of forcing his will on the Politburo and the Central Committee. Nowadays, the balance in the troika is such that no one man is likely to impose his will against the others. A majority vote in the Politburo decides policy on many issues. Even Brezhnev was dealt a setback recently when the Politburo cut back by 13% his five-year, \$45 billion crash investment program in agriculture. Kosygin was reported to have opposed bringing Sinyavsky and Daniel to trial but to have been outvoted by his colleagues. The move toward high-level democratization has in no way been institutionalized, however, and it is still possible that one man could again gather all the power into his own hands.

Brezhnev and Kosygin are in agreement about liberalization in Russia, but Brezhnev takes ideology more into consideration and generally prefers a relatively tougher line. Kosygin is more practical and realistic and, though no liberal in the Western sense (both he and Brezhnev served time in Stalin's cadres), is more or less looked to by the new intelligentsia as their best hope for further relaxation of party control. Suslov is more of a hardliner, while Podgorny has the strongest liberal tendencies of all. All four distrust the ambitious younger leaders, at whom they recently struck a blow by removing Aleksandr Sholepin, 49, an ex-head of the secret police, from his job as Deputy Premier and Party Secretary and denoting him to an obscure and less powerful post as head of the Russian trade unions. Sholepin had surrounded himself with a group of former Komsomol (youth league) officials who are hawkish in foreign policy, favor strict control of the intellectuals and are known as "metal eaters" because they stress heavy industry rather than consumer goods.

The Kremlin's rulers have not been able to keep up with the emergence of such new social classes as the industrial managers, the cultural and scientific intelligentsia and the new military elite. Because they seem uncertain about just how far they want reform to go—and how much freedom Russians can be trusted with—there is a growing gap between the regime and Russian society. "The current leaders have no moral authority," says William Griffith, professor of political science at M.I.T. "They are regarded by intellectuals as a combination of bureaucratic idiots and criminals. There is a terrible alienation from the government."

Finding men able to fill the top jobs may turn out to be the party's biggest problem. The system tends to elevate men of restricted vision, the technocrats and the *apparatchiki* (party career men), and to submerge and frustrate the more brilliant and innovative thinkers. "The dichotomy," says State Department Kremlinologist Zbigniew Brzezinski, "is between a mediocre public leadership and an increasingly talented society. Just as they have turned against ideology, the brighter young Russians are now reluctant to go in for a party career. In an otherwise routine and uninteresting anniversary speech last week, Brezhnev went so far as to refer to his regime as Russia's "New Frontier." The use of the slogan of John F. Kennedy's Administration may have been more

greatest mischief-makers. Since World War II, it has caused countless crises and acted as a continual threat to world peace. Today, it is much more inclined to caution than before, partly because collegial leadership breeds indecision and partly because Russian foreign policy has suffered some notable defeats in recent years. One of the reasons that Nikita Khrushchev was ousted was his foreign adventurism, which led to such Soviet setbacks as the forced withdrawal of its missiles from Cuba. Since then, Russia has had to pay the cost of backing the Arabs in their Middle East debacle and has seen its onetime chief ally, China, become a vituperative and potentially dangerous enemy right on its borders.

The men who rule Russia today make



50TH ANNIVERSARY POSTER

Plus some miniskirts for the girls and a setback for the metal-eaters.

than a coincidence: many Russian youths are admirers of the late U.S. President.

If history moves at a pace that demands quick and imaginative solutions, the Soviet Union may be in for trouble. For one thing, committee rule rarely produces a set of clear principles. For another, the collegial leaders find it difficult to move forward resolutely when they must continually look over their shoulders. The regime seems to have postponed a lot of tough decisions until after the anniversary celebrations, including the promulgation of a new Soviet constitution (the third since the revolution) and the ratification of a new five-year economic plan. Some Sovietologists feel that the stresses and strains within the government have grown so strong that the present leadership cannot survive much longer.

Russia's Relations with the World

While Russia's internal policies have long served to create a cowed and dispirited people, its foreign policy over the years has been one of the world's

a much more realistic assessment of American power than their predecessors, but they are divided over just how to deal with it—Brezhnev and Suslov being more militant than Kosygin and Podgorny. The Viet Nam war, of course, poisons U.S.-Soviet relationships. The Russians were originally willing to consider South Viet Nam as more or less within the U.S. sphere of influence, even though they regularly aided Hanoi. When the U.S. began intensive bombing of North Viet Nam in 1965, the Kremlin's line on the war swerved noticeably: Russia had to get mad or suffer the disdain of the rest of the Communist world. It not only vastly increased aid to the North but stiffened its attitude toward contacts with the U.S.

Despite its menacing tone, the Krem-

lin "heroic giant" stands for a factory that has done an outstanding job during the five-year economic plan. The verse above explains that though Russia is building reactors and "plowing the cosmos with rockets," it must also salute the industries that are making this progress possible.

lin seems anxious to avoid any serious confrontation with the U.S. Instead, it is working for the breakup of the Western Alliance and aiming at the eventual withdrawal of U.S. troops from Europe. It finds Charles de Gaulle an invaluable if unintentional ally in its endeavor, and is striving to divide the U.S. from its European allies, particularly the Germans. The Russians are also thinking more and more of establishing themselves as a Mediterranean power, an old dream of the Czars that shows how firmly Communism in Russia has become wedded to traditional national interests. To furbish its image in the so-called "third world," Russia has floated nearly \$6 billion in loans and credits to other countries since 1954, but it is learning, as the U.S. has, that these nations are usually greedy for more aid and ungrateful when they get it. As a result, a debate is going on in the Kremlin, as it is in Capitol Hill, about the value and aim of foreign aid.

One of the Kremlin's biggest worries is the disintegration of Communist unity. Of the 14 Communist states, five are not represented by their top leaders at this week's celebration. Albania rejected the invitation, and China did not stoop to reply, while Cuba's Fidel Castro, North Viet Nam's Ho Chi Minh and North Korea's Kim Il Sung sent others in their place. The schisms are all the more serious because they come at a time when Russia's rulers lack the imagination and daring to formulate a policy to deal with them.

The Kremlin merely drifts and demurs, absorbing in stoic silence both the gibes of the Chinese and such steady irritants as Castro, whom it continues to give \$1,000,000 a day in aid. Moreover, the world's revolutionaries no longer look to Russia or its leaders for inspiration or recall its once-stirring exhortation: "Workers of the World, Unite!" As Communism and advancing technology have learned to coexist, Russia has lost its role as a revolutionary beacon.

The Chinese never tire of pointing this out, and the Kremlin obviously considers them one of its enduring headaches. But here, too, it is divided between those who want a complete break and those who urge new explorations toward *rapprochement*. The result is that as in so many other fields, Russia does not really have a policy toward China. The immobility of so much Russian foreign policy, many Sovietologists believe, is largely a result of the fact that the Soviet leadership crisis has not yet been clearly solved and that the Kremlin can hardly tell what it wants to do abroad until it has decided where it wants to go at home.

Where does Russia go from here? One popular theory is that the Communist and capitalist systems are gradually converging, as the U.S. Government provides more social benefits and the Russians adopt more of the trappings of capitalism. That theory has



HOWITZER GUNNERS FIRING AT LOC NINH
"Like shooting down a bowling alley."

several serious flaws. Evsei Liberman himself denies it, pointing out that such loosely used terms as profit have an entirely different meaning in the Soviet Union than in the West. Also, economies cannot exist in a political vacuum, and the two systems are light-years apart philosophically. The Soviet Union is a socialist state that still controls all the means of production—and it has no more intention of changing that situation than the U.S. has of embracing it. Moreover, the Soviet state holds virtually all the power in Russia and can bestow or withdraw freedoms at a whim, while protections against an arbitrary state are built deep into the law in the pluralistic society of the U.S.

The Soviet government has adopted a few capitalist devices like incentives simply because the needs of modern technology make them desirable. Pressures from the new class of technocrats are also largely responsible for the loosening up of Soviet society. If people express themselves more openly in the Soviet Union today, it is certainly not because the leadership is committed to eventual democracy, but because a more varied and complicated economy requires the men who run it to be in the habit of asking questions.

The men in the Kremlin possess power that is potentially limitless and unrestrained in its exercise; they could blow the whistle on reform any day and reimpose at least some of the tight discipline of the past. Once fully launched, however, liberalization may not be so easy to stop. The vast reorganization of the Soviet economy and the increasing force of technology are producing a second revolution in the habits and outlook of the people that the Kremlin will be hard-pressed to reverse. If that revolution continues to work its influence, arousing among Russians a longing to join the modern world and giving them a freer voice to articulate that longing, it could ultimately be of more significance than even the October Revolution.

THE WAR

Death Among the Rubber Trees

The district town of Loc Ninh, some 70 miles north of Saigon, was a company town and, until last week, a tranquil and prosperous one. Most of its 10,000 inhabitants worked for a giant French rubber plantation, the Société des Caoutchoucs d'Extrême-Orient, whose trees marched away row upon row, mile after mile, across the low hills toward the Cambodian border. Overlooking the town stood the red-roofed villas of the French plantation managers. Tropical flowers climbed their villa walls from green lawns, and their country club boasted a large swimming pool and a red-clay tennis court—the remnants of a prewar colonial past.

The wartime present in Loc Ninh was embodied in four understrength Vietnamese irregular force companies and an American Special Forces unit, both of which were assigned to guard the town's airstrip and the district subsector headquarters, a rambling set of old French buildings and bunkers ringed by concertina wire and crowned by an improbable, rickety observation tower. Down the airstrip from the headquarters (see map) was an only slightly more substantial, diamond-shaped Special Forces camp, its walls made of logs and earthworks like something out of the old American West. To the Viet Cong's main-force 272nd and 273rd Regiments, assigned the task of spoiling South Viet Nam's inaugural week with a major victory, Loc Ninh must have seemed an ideal target; a district headquarters defended by underforce irregulars and a handful of Americans, close both to the Viet Cong's source of supplies and to the sanctuary of the Cambodian border only nine miles away. They were wrong: in a week of fighting, the Viet Cong suffered their biggest defeat since the twelve-day battle around Khe Sanh last May, when they lost 1,200 men.

The Viet Cong struck just after mid-

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night one night last week, pouring a rain of rocket and mortar rounds on the Special Forces camp and on the subsector compound. Part of their 273rd Regiment roared into the undefended town itself, took it over and used its dispensary to treat Viet Cong wounded. At the same time, other elements of the 273rd attacked the subsector compound from the north and west, filtering through the gloom of the rubber trees and throwing themselves against the guns of the 105 men inside.

Despite bombing and strafing by U.S. jets and helicopters zooming in to aid the defenders, the headquarters soon appeared doomed. Punching through the wire, the Viet Cong raced from building to building, setting each afire. They silenced the bunkers one by one, dropping grenades through their slits. Soon only the command bunker and one other were still firing back, and in the command bunker Captain Tran Minh Cong and his twelve men were running out of ammunition. So Captain Cong radioed for Vietnamese army artillery to zero right in on his bunker. The artillerymen were reluctant to do so at first, but Cong, as he explained later, was unworried: "This is the best bunker in Viet Nam, even if you hit it with a B-52." Thereafter, every time the Viet Cong swarmed over the bunker, fused shells set to go off in the air blasted them. By dawn, a South Vietnamese relief company, helilifted to the rescue from Phu Loi, 60 miles away, was able to launch a counterattack out of the Special Forces camp. They drove the Viet Cong back into the rubber trees, forcing them to leave behind more than 100 of their dead.

Bleeding White Sap. Meanwhile, the U.S. 1st Division's reaction force was moving in reinforcements. The first to arrive were two helilifted batteries of 105-mm. howitzers and two rifle companies, the vanguard of two battalions. A third battalion later followed and began sweeping the rubber groves east of Loc Ninh. It proved an eerie enterprise. Moving down the corridors between the evenly spaced, parallel rows of trees, the troops were frequently brought up short by jungle birds whose screeches mimicked the whine of bullets. The almost purple earth underfoot teemed with a fierce breed of red ant whose bite meant torment. But the battalion soon did some tormenting of its own. Running into a company of Viet Cong, it killed 83 in a four-hour fire-fight that left the bullet-punctured rubber trees bleeding white sap.

Despite their heavy losses, the Viet Cong tried again next day, this time attempting a two-pronged attack from the east across the airstrip runway. It was a disastrous tactic; a howitzer at the south end of the field was in a position to fire right down the runway—"like shooting down a bowling alley," as one of the gunners put it. As the Viet Cong, 30 and 40 at a time, tried

to sprint across the strip, the big howitzer shells exploded in their midst. The gunners fired off 575 rounds during the battle, blistering the paint on the lone gun's barrel. Helicopter gunships laced the Viet Cong from above with their mini-guns, and Air Force jets made one screaming run after another, dropping anti-personnel bombs. The few Viet Cong who survived the lethal gauntlet to reach the strip's west side were caught in a murderous crossfire between the Special Forces camp and the subsector compound. Again, more than 100 Viet Cong died.

Douse That Light! Next day was the only quiet one in Loc Ninh's bloody week. The Vietnamese irregulars dug huge pits for the Viet Cong dead, washed their clothes in the French Club's swimming pool and helped them-

as either side has made in the war. About 8 p.m. a group of men walked through a U.S. company's command post, one of them with a flashlight in his hand. "Douse that light," snarled a U.S. sergeant major, at the same time noticing that the offender was wearing black pajamas and carrying a Chinese AK-47 gun. But the group kept right on walking, and it was several startled seconds before everybody started firing. Four of the Viet Cong were captured, one by a young lieutenant who hit him with a football body block and a right to the jaw. Later that same night, the Viet Cong massed among the trees for another attack across the runway but were driven off by U.S. jets. Still another large force of Viet Cong tried to overrun a U.S. battalion positioned west of Loc Ninh; they were forced back in bloody combat, suffering 200 dead.

By the fifth day of the battle for Loc Ninh, the enemy had lost more than 900 men in their frantic, futile efforts to seize it. Allied losses were fewer than 50 dead.

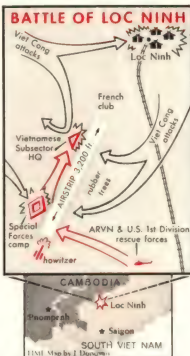
SOUTH VIET NAM

Welcoming a Government

In any other week, the battle of Loc Ninh would have dominated the news out of Viet Nam. Last week, however, Loc Ninh had to compete for headlines with an event of far more potential importance to the outcome of the Vietnamese struggle than a dozen big battles: the inauguration of President Nguyen Van Thieu and Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky as leaders of the Second Republic, Viet Nam's first elected government in six years. The most impressive fact about the inauguration was that the new government was able to hold two days of open festivities, ceremonies and parades without any significant interference from the Viet Cong beyond a few mortar shells that fell into the palace garden.

For the inaugural ceremony itself, Saigon's newly whitewashed National Assembly building dazzled in the tropical sunshine. Overhead, a giant blue balloon bobbed gently, and huge orange pennants, striped in the red of the South Vietnamese flag, fluttered in the breeze. Some 25,000 troops lined the streets leading to the square in front of the Assembly, and in the reviewing stands waited the representatives of 22 nations, headed by Vice President Hubert Humphrey. As a 21-gun salute from a howitzer boomed across the capital, Thieu and Ky, clad in business suits, arrived in twin Mercedes 300s to be sworn in.

Tanks & Jets. Thieu, with Ky following a respectful two paces behind, first lit a symbolic flame of freedom in a large urn, then mounted the red-carpeted steps to recite the oath of office. When he was finished, pretty Vietnamese girls in *ao-dais* released hundreds of colored balloons into the air. In his



selves to the wine cellar. Because the Viet Cong had returned each night to occupy the town itself for a few hours, the villagers were evacuating it by the thousands. To try to build up their morale, the 1st Division sent in medics and armored personnel carriers, and the division band went campbanging through the streets in full battle dress, brass horns gleaming in the sun. The effort was unsuccessful. Understandably frightened by the ferocity of the battle, the villagers continued to stream southward, their possessions on their backs. By week's end Loc Ninh was virtually a ghost town.

To the surprise of U.S. commanders, the Viet Cong stayed around despite their losses. Next night the fighting resumed, in perhaps as weird a contact



VIETNAMESE MILITARY CADETS IN NATIONAL DAY PARADE
Impressive display without missing a beat.

brief, plain-spoken inaugural address, Thieu told the South Vietnamese that now "my preoccupations are your preoccupations; I shall rely on your eyes to see more clearly and your concern to gain a better knowledge." He again offered to hold direct talks with Hanoi to end the war, as he had promised during his campaign. But significantly absent this time was any mention of a bombing pause, perhaps reflecting Washington's growing lack of enthusiasm for one.

Thieu then led the government's retinue and his guests from abroad off to a reception in the Independence Palace. Afterward, he came back to the Assembly to address the nation's new Senate and House, offering them "mutual respect and sympathy" and inviting them to join him in broadening the base of South Vietnamese democracy. That night Thieu happily cut a six-foot-high red and yellow cake at a state banquet at the palace.

Next day, a military parade to celebrate the overthrow of Ngo Dinh Diem went off without a missed beat, its resplendent display watched by Saigonese who lined the streets around Unity Square. First came a crack Vietnamese drill team; and overhead a flyby of jets, transports and helicopters. Then a combined honor guard of Thais, South Koreans, Nationalist Chinese, Filipinos, New Zealanders, Australians and Americans marched past, followed by combat troops and a 56-piece Korean army band. Finally the heavy equipment rolled out, from clanking M-41 tanks to giant earth movers.

Poet Premier. Getting back to business, President Thieu chose as Premier of his new government Saigon Lawyer Nguyen Van Loc. 45, a mild, apolitical lawyer who was educated in France and writes novels and poetry in his spare time. As Premier, Loc is constitu-

tionally the third most powerful man in the country after Thieu and Ky, and will preside over meetings of the 22-man Cabinet that is now being formed. His selection as Premier was no surprise. He is a Southerner and thus a good balance to Thieu, a Central Vietnamese, and Ky, a Northerner. Moreover, he had managed the Thieu-Ky campaign and, as a protégé of Ky's, was probably given the premiership as part of the bargain struck between the two rivals when Ky stepped down in favor of Thieu for the presidency.

MIDDLE EAST Tougher Terms for Peace

At the end of the June war, Israel would have been willing to give back most of the land its army had conquered in exchange for one simple document: a meaningful peace treaty with the Arabs. But the Arabs would not deal on Israel's terms, which included face-to-face negotiations—and the terms have since been getting steadily tougher. Just how tough they have become was spelled out last week by Israeli Premier Levi Eshkol. In a major policy speech before the opening session of the Knesset (parliament), Eshkol made it plain, in case anyone has recently had any doubts, that his government has decided to hold on to most of the land it won.

Israel, he said, no longer recognizes Egyptian claims to the Gaza Strip or Jordan's claims to Arab Palestine; since both areas had been taken by the Arabs in 1949 "as the result of military aggression and occupation." Nor will the Golan Heights overlooking Upper Galilee be returned to Syria, whose guns had threatened "havoc and destruction for our villages in the valleys." To ensure passage of Israeli shipping through

the Strait of Tiran and the Suez Canal, Israel also intends to maintain some sort of control over the Sinai Peninsula—which, Eshkol suggested, might be turned into a huge demilitarized zone partly policed by Israeli troops. The city of Jerusalem would remain Israeli at all costs, he said. As a divided city, it was "a security danger and an economic absurdity."

Half-Measures. Such terms, hardly calculated to bring the Arabs rushing to the conference table, came just when both Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser and Jordan's King Hussein were trying to work out a formula for negotiations through a U.N. mediator. Both rulers had made known their willingness, if not to sign a formal peace treaty, at least to end their 20-year "state of hostilities" with Israel. But the Israelis are in no mood to accept such half-measures. They are now convinced that it is much wiser to hold on to what they have than acquiesce in what Eshkol refers to as "obscure and meaningless formulas like declarations of the cessation of belligerence without a real peace settlement."

Instead, Israel has continued to "consolidate its position"—as Eshkol put it—in the occupied lands. On the Mediterranean coast near El Arish—once the headquarters of Egyptian military forces in the Sinai—scores of bronzed and bearded young Israeli soldiers have staked out a fishing kibbutz that is the first Jewish settlement in the peninsula since Moses led his people out of Egypt. Another colony of Jews has moved into Etzion, in the Hebron hills of Arab Palestine, and a third has begun farming land at Banivas, below the Golan Heights. In Jerusalem, rabbinical students have set up housekeeping in three abandoned *yeshivot* (theological seminaries) within the walls of the Old City, and the government plans an extensive resettlement of Jews throughout the Arab half of the city. Eshkol last week announced that the entire Jewish quarter of the Old City will be rehabilitated at a cost of several million dollars.

Jerusalem has already undergone a radical transformation. All city services—including water, electricity, police, and bus lines—are now integrated to serve both Arab and Jew, and many city departments have been transferred to headquarters on the Arab side of town. With the frontier dissolved and all barriers destroyed, thousands of Arabs have found jobs with Israeli employers. Three new public high schools—part of a \$34 million program to expand education, housing and industry—have been opened for Arab students. And, under Eshkol's personal supervision, the government is planning to move ministries now located in Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, which the Israelis have always considered their real capital. At Jordan's former airport in East Jerusalem last week, the first international flight arrived since the Israelis captured



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the city. Aboard the chartered DC-4—the airport is too small to handle big jets—was a group of Italian pilgrims to the Holy Land, taking advantage of what the Israelis hope will become a regular service.

Without Gas. While the Israelis consolidated, the Arabs vacillated. King Hussein, on his way to the U.S. to appeal for military aid to rebuild his vanquished army, responded to an offer by Eshkol to begin peace talks either in Amman or Jerusalem with an ambiguous statement that peace in the Middle East is "a problem of the world." In Egypt, Nasser had his own problems. After two meetings with Robert B. Anderson, a longtime friend of President Johnson, the Egyptian leader—through his favorite mouthpiece, the newspaper *Al-Ahram*—accused the U.S. of deliberately blocking a peace with Is-

BRITAIN

A Blow to the Lords

These cool autumn days, Harold Wilson is a Prime Minister in search of a scapegoat. His standing has suffered a steady erosion, as illustrated last week by the loss of two historically safe Labor seats in three by-elections. His Foreign Secretary, George Brown, has proved a recurring source of embarrassment, as he did again by rudely accusing Sunday Times Publisher Lord Thomson of "great disservice to the country." Common Market entry seems as distant as ever: Charles de Gaulle has just hinted that he will veto Britain once more. No wonder Wilson was looking for a political diversion. Last week he found it in a surprising place: the House of Lords. In the Queen's Speech opening Parliament, he let it be known

The Best Cut. Today the House of Lords has a membership of 1,045, twice the number in 1911. Its hereditary peers number 865. Twenty-six bishops of the Church of England sit as lords spiritual, and 154 life peers have been created under the 1958 act. In a title-conscious country, the Lords enjoy high prestige. Their most important perquisite is the right to sit in the elaborately Gothic House of Lords, where everything from special parking spaces out front to toilets marked "Peers' smacks of privilege. And, as Anthony Sampson notes in his *Anatomy of Britain Today*: "A Lord finds it easier to get servants, to run up credit, to get the best cuts of beef, to book tables at restaurants and sleepers on trains."

Defenders of the role of the Lords in British political life make some persuasive arguments. Being politically independent, the peers can take a broader view on public policy than M.P.s. The Lords bring to their debates an often useful authority in education, culture and travel. Moreover, they have more leisure to examine important public questions at searching length, as they did with the Homosexuality Act and this year's Abortion bill.

Instant or Gradual? Harold Wilson went on record only a year ago as seeing no need for a reform of the Lords, and he was purposefully vague last week about precise intentions for reform. He almost certainly will try to cut the Lords' delaying powers to a mere six months. He could assault the hereditary principle by a variety of means, including drastic instant denial of a seat to all hereditary peers. The House of Lords itself would remain, but might be limited in makeup to some 300 peers. Indicating that he meant business, Wilson at week's end appointed an inter-party committee on reform of the Lords that will begin deliberating this week.



QUEEN ELIZABETH OPENING PARLIAMENT (PRINCE CHARLES AT LEFT)
Surprising place to find a diversion.

rael. Without bothering to explain the charge, the paper also attacked the U.S. for two recent moves: the State Department's agreement to resume shipments of military hardware to Israel (but not to Jordan) and the House of Representatives' vote to ban imports of Egyptian cotton.

Nasser himself was occupied with a more pressing matter: diverting attention from the disaster of his latest exchange with Israel, in which his navy sank the Israeli destroyer *Elath* but his economy was nearly destroyed by the retaliatory shelling of his two major oil refineries at Port Suez. With Egyptians facing the probability of a winter without heat in their houses or gas in their stoves, Nasser needed all the whipping boys he could find. He found one last week in Air Force Commander Madkour Abu Al-Izz, whom he fired for unaccountably failing to send up Egyptian jets to knock out Israeli guns during the bombardment of Suez.

that he intends to reduce the powers of the peers and do away with the Lords' "hereditary basis."

In hitting at the Lords, Wilson took on one of Britain's most venerable institutions. It was the Lords, of course, that laid the basis for British democracy by forcing King John to accept Magna Carta in 1215. In the 14th century the Lords began to share their parliamentary power with the Commons, but it nonetheless managed to remain the dominant house until the 19th century. Three times in the 20th century British governments have significantly changed the Lords. Its power to delay legislation passed by the House of Commons was cut to two years in 1911 and cut again in 1949 to a single year. In 1958 the Tories created life peerages, permitting men and women of proved experience and distinction in such fields as science and education to be named peers without the privilege of passing on their titles.

SCOTLAND

The North Rises Again

Scots who hae'd jubilantly with Highland flings late into the bleak November night. Outside the town hall of Hamilton, a Lowlands town of 47,341, the haggies skirted *E We Shall Overcome*. Rallying the clans with a cry of "Put Scotland first!" a lawyer and mother of three, Mrs. Winifred Ewing, 38, had just done what everyone considered impossible. In a special by-election, she had won a seat long so safe for Labor that the party took it by a 16,576 majority the last time around. Reversing that margin to win by 1,799 votes, Mrs. Ewing became the first member of the Scottish National Party to go to Britain's Parliament since 1945. "Now it's home rule by 1970," she said, advocating independence for Scotland inside the Commonwealth and a seat in the United Nations betwixt Saudi Arabia and Senegal.

Mrs. Ewing may have to hide a wee



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A swift, long-range Piper Navajo at your command changes your entire concept of where you can be when you want to be. With over four-mile-a-minute cruising speed, this turbocharged executive transport will take you halfway across the continent non-stop on your schedule and can land close to your destination.

The scope, range, and utility of the Navajo is as limitless as the horizon in the picture above. Its 26,000-foot cruise capability tops most of the weather, and optional radar adds further to round-the-clock schedule reliability with little regard for the weather. You fly with peace of mind thanks to "dual everything": from two engines to double generators. *On just one engine* this remarkable new Piper will fly higher than any mountain in the Continental U.S. or Europe.

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A Volkswagen convertible is made so well, so airtight, it helps to open the window a crack to close the door.

(No wonder it takes two men one day just to make two convertible tops.)

Like all VWs, the Squareback and Fastback sedans are both painted 3 times over. To make



strong bodies 8 ways.

what you see look nicer. And to make what you don't see last longer.

Then there's the VW Karmann Ghia. Its body is practically hand-made.

The Ghia is hand-shaped, hand-welded, hand-smoothed, hand-padded, hand-fitted, hand-stitched, hand-pointed and would you believe, hand-sanded. (Whew.)

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And they're not bolted together either. Each one is a solid hunk of unitized steel, welded together 12,598 times.

Finally, we make trucks.

(And if we make cars as strong as we do, you can well imagine how we make trucks.)

So next time you look at a Volkswagen, look at it this way:

It's not the most beautiful body in the world, but it's one of the healthiest.

**It comes from across the border.
But you can buy it across the street.**

Let's put an end to a myth right now.
You don't have to go to Canada any-
more for this legendary Canadian whisky.

Crown Royal is right here at home. In
your own neighborhood store. In your
own neighborhood tavern.

But before you go out and buy it, there
are two things you really should know.

First, Crown Royal costs you more
than other whiskies.

Second, it tastes better than
other whiskies.

You spend a little.
But you live a little.



Seagram's Crown Royal® The legendary Canadian. About \$9 a fifth.
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longer before the 1707 Act of Union making England and Scotland one nation is dissolved. National Party members number an insignificant 60,000 of Scotland's 4,800,000 inhabitants, but they have doubled in strength each year since 1963. Their growing following is symptomatic of the stirrings within the realm that 19th century English Clergyman-Critic Sydney Smith dismissed contemptuously as "that garret of the earth, that knuckle-end of England, that land of Calvin, oat-cakes and sulphur." After four decades of stagnation, the Scots are surging forward with a new spirit.

Reverse Drain. Spurring them onward is an economic resurgence that is freeing Scotland from past dependence on shipbuilding, coal and steel and catapulting it into the industries of tomorrow. Thanks to government pump priming and incentives for private investment, almost \$1 billion in capital has flowed in since World War II, and Scotland has outpaced the rest of Britain in its industrial growth rate for three years. In Fife, for example, U.S. and British electronics manufacturers have built more than 100 new factories in a California-type complex along the Firth of Forth. Today Scotland turns out more electronic computers than any other country except the U.S.; Scots generate more electric power per capita with nuclear reactors than any other country.

The Scots are using their centuries-old cultural heritage and the undeniable attractions of their land as bait to attract scientists and executives. They have thus managed to reverse the brain drain that traditionally drove Scotland's brightest sons to seek fortunes abroad.



SCOTTISH NATIONALIST EWING
Symptomatic of the surge.

A survey of Glasgow University graduates shows that only 20% intend to emigrate; five years ago, almost half planned to leave. "For the first time we are getting things right in Scotland," says Willie Ross, the former Ayrshire teacher who is Secretary of State for Scotland in Harold Wilson's Labor Cabinet. "Scotland is on the move at last."

Dire social ills, leftovers from Scotland's bleak years, will take more years to cure. Despite the impressive industrial growth, Scotland's unemployment is still roughly twice as high as in the rest of Britain. Glasgow's reeking slums, once termed "the vomit of industrial capitalism," still chill the soul, but with state aid they are being gradually replaced by "New Towns" such as prize-winning Cumbernauld on the windswept hills, where cars are banned from the center and homes look up at a huge, halfmile long concrete building that houses shops and apartments. Although Scottish Nationalists do not shout it aloud, the London government spends more in services for each Scot than it does for other Britons.

Northern Palms. This year, Scotland's rugged scenic beauties attracted 5,000,000 tourists who spent nearly \$300 million. There is plenty in Scotland to attract holidaymakers and businessmen alike. Half an hour from Fife's new factories are yachting on the North Sea and golf at St. Andrews, Gleneagles and other legendary Scottish courses, where standing in line to tee off is unknown. A few miles farther are mountaineering in the Cairngorms, a handsome new ski center at Aviemore and free trout fishing in silvery Highland streams. Misty grey "smirr" may hang over Scotland's winter land-

scape, but there are palm trees far to the north at Ullapool, nurtured by the warming Gulf Stream.

Even the bluenose puritanism of Scotland's Calvinist "kirk" is thawing slowly. Scotswomen mindful of its strictures generally dress three years behind London, but the kilt is now joined by miniskirts and other mod fashions, which got their biggest boost when Glasgow-born Tailor John Stephen set up a shop in Carnaby Street. The Church of Scotland still keeps cinemas and pubs closed on the Sabbath, but Sunday drinkers no longer must sign the "bona fide book" at local hotels to certify that four hours' travel generated their thirst. The Scot still has his choice of more than 2,000 brands of Scotch whisky—and Scottish custom dictates that his drink must be larger by at least a good sip than the same money buys in the rest of Britain.

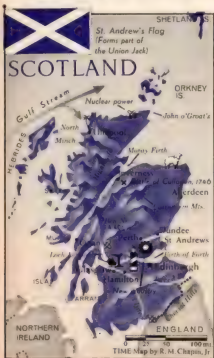
SOUTH ARABIA

Itching Toward Independence

After 128 years of rule, Britain can hardly wait to get out of troubled South Arabia and leave its recalcitrant Arabs to run—or ruin—their own affairs. It set an independence date for early next year, but has been itching to move it up—if only it could find a working government to which it could turn over power. Anti-British terrorism in South Arabia has already taken the lives of 56 British soldiers, and some 300 Arabs have died as a result of a feud between two opposing terrorist groups. Last week, fed up with it all, Britain announced that it will grant South Arabia independence by the end of November whether or not there is a government there to receive it.

As it happened, a somewhat shaky form of government quickly came into being. Meeting in Cairo under the auspices of Gamal Abdel Nasser, the two terrorist groups—the National Liberation Front (N.L.F.) and the Front for the Liberation of Occupied South Yemen (FLOSY)—had been unable to agree for weeks on forming a new government. But when they got wind of Britain's new intentions, they hastily got together. Neither group would say much about the new government, but N.L.F. men, including Leader Qahtan al Shaabi, are almost certain to end up in key positions. Reason: the N.L.F. not only has taken control—more or less—of all 17 of South Arabia's sheikdoms and three of the states of neighboring Aden, but commands a majority within South Arabia's 9,000-man army.

At week's end bitter fighting broke out again in South Arabia between members of the two groups. At least 17 persons were killed, 400 injured and more than 20 others kidnapped, including two federal policemen. The N.L.F. accused FLOSY of starting it all and swore "vengeance in full," but in Cairo leaders of the rival group pleaded with their followers to "halt the bloodshed and unite."



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I believe you made
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PEOPLE

Every year Chiang Kai-shek decrees that there be no official observation of his birthday. Every year the Formosans disobey. This year, for the Gimo's 81st, dragon and lion dancers pranced through the streets of Taipei, and a delegation of 3,000 overseas Chinese presented gift scrolls enumerating their achievements of the past year. Nationalist Vice President Chia-kan Yen proclaimed that Chiang's "achievements in the promotion of nationalism, democracy and the people's livelihood have made him the No. 1 man in the world." No. 1 himself spent the day in seclusion with his family, explaining that a Chinese birthday celebration also marks the solemn *mu nan chih jih*, or "day of a mother's suffering through childbirth."

Though she hardly thought so during the years she was married to him, Marina Oswald now figures that everything Assassin Lee Oswald ever touched has turned to gold. Oswald's Russian-born widow, 25, now married to Texas Saloonkeeper Kenneth Porter, is suing the U.S. Government for \$500,000 in payment for Lee's confiscated personal effects—a treasure trove including old Christmas cards, Russian maps of Moscow and Minsk, his Marine Corps discharge and an Oct. 20, 1963 copy of the Worker that Marina thinks collectors would dearly love to own. Assistant U.S. Attorney Kenneth Mighell conceded that Marina "definitely will receive compensation" for the mordant memorabilia. "The question," he added, "is how much."

The timing probably had nothing to do with it, but it was fitting all the same that the Air Force chose the middle of the football season to announce that Lieut. Colonel Felix Blanchard, 42, has been assigned as an F-105 pilot to the 388th Tactical Fighter Wing at Korat Air Base in Thailand. Two decades after he ended his rampaging career as fullback on Army's undefeated teams of 1944-46, three times making All-America, the Doc still ranks as

West Point's greatest power runner. But he has also built himself a reputation as an equally skilled flyer on tours of duty in Alaska and England.

Her subject was miniskirts, and her judgment was that "never in the history of fashion have so many illusions been destroyed in so short a time." Such sentiments were catnip both to the readers of *Harper's Bazaar* and to the judges of the first annual Magazine Awards given jointly by the J. C. Penney Co. and the University of Missouri. The panel awarded a \$1,000 prize in the fashion and beauty category to stylish Stout-Heiress Gloria Guinness, 53, for her article in the June 1966 *Bazaar* deploring the "short, short, short skirt" as "that crazy young look that took over with the rapidity of a plague." La Guinness, a best-dressed, quarterly contributor to the magazine, gave the \$1,000 back as a donation for needy stu-



GUINNESS
Sortorially plagued.

dents and added her modest judgment of ladies' magazine prose: "That kind of writing comes easy."

"The longer you stay up destroying other aircraft in time of battle," mused Colonel Francis S. Gabreski, 48, "the luckier you've got to be." By that measure, the retiring commander of the 52nd Fighter Wing at New York's Suffolk County Air Force Base is the luckiest man in the air. Though it has been 15 years since his last combat mission, the Colonel is still the nation's top-ranked living combat ace, with 371 kills to his credit from World War II and Korea. Gabreski is leaving the Air Force for a job as a p.r. executive for Grumman Aircraft. Part of his reason is that it's tough educating nine children on Air Force pay, but the rest of



GABRESKI
Professionally charmed.

it goes deeper. "I think I've had a full career," said Gabreski. "I've been leading a charmed life."

Not since Polynices' sister Antigone went to her death trying to give him a proper burial has anyone had as much trouble getting interred as the late showman Billy Rose. For 20 months, Billy's mortal remains have lain in temporary storage while his two sisters, Polly and Miriam, fought with his executors over how much should be paid for his mausoleum, and by whom. Now the body has been entombed at last, in a \$125,000 white granite shrine in a Westchester County, N.Y., cemetery. The inscription reads: "Billy Rose—the fabulous legend who is really real."

Two months to the day after he fell ill with what was first announced as a urinary infection, Pope Paul VI, 70, underwent surgery for removal of an enlarged prostate gland. The 45-minute operation, performed by a team of six doctors headed by Italy's renowned surgeon, Professor Pietro Valdini, 67, took place in an up-to-date operating theater installed last month in the Vatican. The first major surgery ever performed on a Pope "went excellently," said the Vatican, and the Pope should be up and about in two weeks.

General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower, 77, has rarely been surrounded by so much rank. At a West Point Society dinner in Manhattan, Ike's five stars were flanked by a platoon of active and retired four-star generals, including SHAPE Commander Lyman Lemnitzer, Mark Clark, Alfred Gruenther, Lauris Norstad, Jacob Devers, Lucius Clay and Anthony McAuliffe. For that glittering crew, the society decided that no citations, no medals could come close to being adequate. "What award could we possibly give these men?" asked a spokesman plaintively.



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Four Avco Broadcasting cities have among the highest percentage of color TV homes in the country.*

To put it another way: 12 million people in seven states and the District of Columbia* tune in to our growing family of 11 radio and television stations.

Because we've tuned in to them.

*Source: Color TV Ownership Estimates U.S. TV Markets Feb-March 1987
Nielsen Station Index Data based on service indicated and subject to qualifications of service.
Call to right: Avco Broadcasting 90 stars Bob Braun (50/50 Club) and Paul Dixon (The Paul Dixon Show)



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EDUCATION

STUDENTS

Crackdown on Protesters

Harvard decided last week that there is a point at which student demonstrations against the Viet Nam war go beyond what a university can tolerate. That point is when protests physically interfere with the freedom of others. On this ground, school officials placed 74 students on probation for their "forceful obstruction" of a Dow Chemical Company recruiter on campus (TIME, Nov. 3). Probation means that the students must attend all classes, cannot hold office in campus organizations or perform in a dramatic or musical production or compete in intercollegiate athletics.

Explaining Harvard's action, Presi-

dent Nathan Pusey defended the basic right of the university's students to express their views on all matters and demonstrate in "an orderly fashion." But he warned that they must not "become so carried away by their conviction about the rightness of their cause and so imputing with civilized procedures that they seek to restrain the freedom of expression or movement of others who may not agree with them. This kind of conduct is simply unacceptable, not only in a community devoted to intellectual endeavor, but in any decent democratic society."



PROTESTERS AT PRINCETON

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Other college administrators were also getting tough with overly aggressive demonstrators. At the University of Iowa, officials called in off-campus police to clear out demonstrators blocking a building where Marine recruiters hoped to hold interviews. The police arrested 108 students, charged them with disturbing the peace. Brown University

notified 18 students that they face undisclosed penalties unless they successfully defend themselves in campus hearings against charges of interfering with a CIA recruiter. The get-tough policy even extended to demonstrations that had nothing to do with the war. In Manhattan, a group of nature-lovers from City College of New York took their stand before a ditch-digger breaking ground for a new building that protesters claimed would destroy much of the remaining greenery on the crowded campus. C.C.N.Y. President Buell Gallagher watched disenchantedly for a while, then turned to city police and ordered: "Move in on them now." The police arrested 49 students, charged them with criminal trespassing.



VILLARD AT STANFORD

About as logical as kicking the postman who brings the tax form.

UNIVERSITIES

The Case for Secret Research

In addition to Dow and the CIA, a tempting target for antiwar protesters is Government-sponsored secret research carried out on many university campuses. In response to faculty protests, the University of Pennsylvania recently canceled its contracts with the Defense Department to study chemical and biological warfare. The Universities of Pittsburgh and Minnesota are debating similar action; Stanford and N.Y.U. have applied severe restrictions to such work. Last week there were sit-ins and teach-ins at Michigan, protesting military research at the university. At Princeton, students have been bitterly protesting the use of university land for a government-founded Institute for Defense Analyses.

Most of the anti-research pressure comes from professors in the liberal

arts, who rarely land even an unclassified Government contract and thus can easily afford to complain that secret research is academically immoral. In addition to the argument that such research commits the university to aiding what they consider an unjust war, the anti-secrecy professors contend that classified contracts violate the spirit of free inquiry on which scholarship depends and that they make professors agents of the Government.

Small Price. So far, the debate has been largely one-sided, since the scientists and technicians engaged in secret research have been unable to explain what they do. But professors in a position to speak out argue that much of the advanced work in their fields—whether they like it or not—is related to defense programs. Stanford Electronics Laboratories Director William R. Rambo says that the irritating secrecy provisions are "a small price to pay" to stay on top of recent developments in his field. "To cut us off from classified research is to cut us off from the state of the art," says Michigan's Electrical Engineering Chairman Hansford W. Farris.

Stanford Electrical Engineer Oswald Garrison Villard Jr., who considers himself almost as ardent a pacifist as his father, the famed former editor of the *Nation*, has long been engaged in secret work related to rocket propulsion and guidance in order to keep abreast of his main scholarly interest: upper-atmosphere engineering. "To know what is important in this field, you have to be in on the classified aspect of it," he says.

Despite the irritation of security and government red tape, many of the results of secret research eventually do get published, the professors insist. They also point out that most such projects have many nonclassified aspects that provide valuable training for Ph.D. candidates. At Michigan, for example, classified electronics research has produced at least 30 doctorates. There is also considerable nonmilitary fallout from secret work. A 26-acre antenna built at Stanford to help the U.S. learn how to detect enemy missile launches was used by Stanford Electrical Engineer Von R. Eshleman to bounce the first radar signals off the sun. Classified research at Michigan helped Emmett N. Leith develop the new science of holography (see SCIENCE), which uses laser light to produce three-dimensional images with potential uses in art, television and industry. Says Leith: "The idea that you

indicating another way that military projects can help academic research, the State University of New York last week bought two \$8,500,000 surplus Alaska missile sites for \$667 each. SUNY will use the sites to study the effects of cosmic rays on the aging of fruit flies and white rats. The Government has sold eight other surplus missile sites to educational institutions, including Kansas State and Colorado State universities.

In 1962 Detroit Edison announced a stock split. Edison promised that new stock certificates would be issued within 24 days from the effective date of the split.

Not an easy promise to keep since many of their more than 100,000 shareholders had varying amounts of stock on several different certificates. And the job had to be done over the Christmas/New Year's holidays. Edison simply couldn't spare the people for such a time-consuming job. So, they called Kelly. Fifteen Kelly Girls did the collating, folding, stuffing and mailing for them. All certificates were delivered on time, as promised. Without a single error being made. And without a lot of overtime. Kelly's been keeping promises to Detroit Edison ever since . . . demonstrating our "Can Do" philosophy: get the job done, get it done right. Give Kelly a call. As the button says, "Can Do."

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can close yourself off to these programs is pure ignorance."

Ignorance Is Stupid. Antiwar humanities professors tend to see Government-imposed secrecy on research as a clear violation of academic freedom. Scientists argue that university regulations forbidding them to undertake such work are equally a violation. Pittsburgh's John Harty, who directed a classified project to collect U.S. treaties and documents affecting defense agreements with other nations—and found the techniques equally applicable to the assembling of nonsecret documents—believes that academic freedom is supposed to "guard against emotionalism." He thinks "temporarily unpopular research" should be protected against the "emotionalism" of those who oppose the war.

Many scientists point out that very little secret university research is applicable in Viet Nam. Protesting classified projects because of the war, contends Stanford's Villard, "is about as logical as objecting to paying your taxes by kicking the postman who brings the tax form." Even less is such research directly involved with the development of new weapons. The canceled secret projects at Pennsylvania on chemical and biological warfare, for example, were primarily designed to find out how to protect U.S. civilians against attack from an enemy using them: "It is not safe for the U.S. to be ignorant of these powerful weapons," argues Penn Biochemist Knut A. Krieger, who directed the studies. Villard points out that secret anti-missile work is intended to help maintain the nuclear stalemate—which is the present best guarantee for peace.

Pass or Fail at Yale

After a year-long study, the faculty of Yale's undergraduate college last week voted to drop its present 40-to-100 numerical grading (60 is passing). Starting immediately professors instead will give one of four possible scores: fail, pass, high pass or honors. While many schools now give students a choice of taking a few courses on a pass-or-fail basis, Yale is the nation's first major university to abandon specific grading for undergraduate courses.

Yale's action reflects a widespread dissatisfaction over trying to apply numbers, or letters with pluses and minuses, to something as inexact as student performance. Explained Professor William Kessen, chairman of the committee that recommended the change: "Whether a man gets a 72 or a 74 just doesn't reflect his performance, his knowledge, or anything." The new system, however, preserves Yale students with one potential problem: in competing for entrance to graduate schools, they will have neither class rankings, nor point averages to present, will have to depend heavily on faculty recommendations and interviews.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Instant Expert

At the bright young age of 31, Jonathan Kozol has become the nation's latest instant expert on the problems of urban schools. A frequent guest on television talk shows, he has more speaking dates than his calendar can handle, and last month he was invited to Washington to testify before a Senate subcommittee. What has made Kozol something of a celebrity is the success of his *Death at an Early Age* (Houghton Mifflin), a polemic against the treatment of Negro pupils in Boston's ghetto schools. Since publication last month, it has sold a thousand copies a day and, thanks to serialization in the Bos-

ton is one of the few cities in the U.S. that allows teachers to use corporal punishment. Kozol charges that teachers sometimes employ bamboo rattans to whip the hands of their Negro charges with sadistic delight: "There are moments when the visible glint of gratification becomes undeniable in the white teacher's eyes."

Kozol also contends that the students in these schools are often fed "a diet of banality and irrelevance which is not worth the while of a child to learn or that of a teacher to teach." Of 32 different book series he had available in his classroom, the majority were more than ten years old. Creative children had to conform to the rigid thinking of teachers or face ridicule. He cites one gentle but emotionally disturbed boy who "drew lovely lyrical colors and pleasant horses lifting up their hooves to rub their noses" but only succeeded in throwing his art teacher into a tizzy. "Look at what he's done—he's mixed up the colors!" she cried. "I don't know why we waste good paper on this child."

Crumbling Dictatorship. The whole emphasis of the Boston schools, Kozol charges, is on conformity and respect for authority, which has created an "atmosphere of a crumbling dictatorship in time of martial law." It is a serious charge, which Kozol supports with more rhetoric than hard facts. His own prose style is larded with prejudice (School Committee Member Lee "looked out over his half-moon glasses almost like a childish madman"). Some of his statements are pure bathos: when a blackboard falls on a girl's desk, Kozol asks: "Was she saying with those eyes which looked down so steadily, as if with apology, that she really felt very sorry and did not mean to have gotten her small head in the way of the board?" Kozol's indignation is also a bit belated: he admits that he remained friendly with fellow teachers he knew to be bigots, followed their advice not to see his pupils after school hours. Even after being fired, he meekly heeded the principal's warning not to say goodbye to his class.

The deficiencies of the Boston schools have been recounted before—most notably in Peter Schrag's sober, well-researched *Village School Downtown*, which was published last April. Harvard Graduate School of Education Dean TheodoreSizer contends that Kozol's recital of the ills of the Boston schools could be duplicated in many other big U.S. school systems. By overstating and underdocumenting his blustery crusade, Kozol is pushing Boston's regressive school officials into an even more defensive stance rather than inspiring them to correct much that is undeniably wrong. Indeed, School Superintendent William Ohrenberger dismisses the entire work as Kozol's "latest piece of fiction," refuses to take even the book's valid complaints seriously.



KOZOL & STUDENTS
Overstated and underdocumented.

ton Globe, became an issue in the city's hot mayoralty campaign.

Death at an Early Age is based on Kozol's eight-month service as a \$20-a-day substitute teacher at the Christopher Gibson School in the mostly Negro Roxbury neighborhood of Boston. A *samma cum laude* Harvard graduate and former Rhodes Scholar, Kozol was badly shaken by the experience—which ended abruptly when he was fired after reading to his class a poem by Negro Langston Hughes that was not on the teachers' approved reading list; it suggested that tenement tenants might justifiably put the slug on their landlords.

In the Zoo. Kozol's main charge is that a powerful anti-Negro prejudice permeates the entire Boston school system. When he first arrived in the system, Kozol contends, a fellow teacher pointed wearily at children in the playground and said: "Those are the animals, and this is the zoo."

At Davis Elementary School in suburban West Newton, Mass., where he now teaches.



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human error...bring a whole new standard
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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Spies Every Sunday

Kim Philby may not have done Britain—or the U.S.—much good in the 34 years he served as a Soviet spy, but he certainly has been a big help to London's Sunday newspapers. For five straight weeks the Sunday Times and the Observer have battled to see which could produce the most titillating details about the master spy. What did Philby like to drink? (Raki, a Turkish liqueur.) What were his favorite jokes? (Dirty.) Why did he stammer? (Suppressed violence.) That and much more came out in the kind of competition the so-called "quality" press has seldom indulged in.

The competition began prematurely. The Observer's Middle East Correspondent Patrick Seale, who replaced Philby when he defected to Russia in 1963, had been working on the story for four years with the help of Philby's ex-wife Eleanor. Publication was still months away when the Observer learned that Roy Thomson's revitalized Sunday Times had dispatched a ten-man team to get the story. To beat the Times to the punch, the Observer slipped in its first Philby installment on Oct. 1. As soon as they caught sight of the edition, the Times editors reprinted and ran their first Philby story. It was a report from Philby's son John, a struggling London art student, who had been sent to Moscow by the Times to interview dad. Said father to son: "I have come home."

Every Girl Wants One. The next Sunday, both papers offered a second round of revelations. The Times provided a highly detailed, perceptively written account of how Philby got started

in espionage. The Observer ran some sentimental recollections of Eleanor's—just the thing to make every girl wish she had a spy for a husband. "If your work demands the most tireless watchfulness, you tend to compensate by the intensity of your sex-based relationships," wrote Eleanor. "Our marriage was perfect in every way." In a separate article entitled, "The Spy We Took In from the Cold," the Observer explained why it had hired Philby after he had been dismissed from intelligence: he had been warmly recommended by the Foreign Office.

On Sunday No. 3, the Times scored with more revelations about the laxness of British security, while the Observer ran a reminiscence on Philby by a pseudonymous CIA operative who once worked with him in Washington. The following week, the Observer broke through with Eleanor's description of her last, baffling days in Beirut with Philby. He was disconsolate, she reported, over the death of his pet fox Jackie. The Times published the first pictures of Philby with his new Moscow wife, Melinda—a girl who likes spies apparently, since her former husband was Philby's colleague-in-espionage, Donald Maclean.

Very Good Picture. All very embarrassing to the government. At a dinner given by Lord Thomson for visiting U.S. businessmen last week, Foreign Secretary George Brown, who admits to getting a bit tipsy at parties, departed from his prepared speech and lit into Thomson. "It is about time you shut up. Some of us think it is about time we stopped giving the Russians half a start on what we are doing, and, my dear Roy, I ask you and the Sunday Times to take this into account and for God's sake, stop." Replied Thomson: "We don't always take George very seriously, and now you have a very good picture of the man who is Foreign Secretary of this great country."

Brown's latest indiscretion sparked more outcries for his resignation, but he could at least take comfort in the fact that the Sunday Times was, more or less, slopping. Last Sunday it scarcely mentioned Philby, instead it published the memoirs of that uncontroversial and undeniably loyal Englishman, Sir Francis Chichester.

EDITORS

North By South

No matter how long they live in New York City, Southern writers and editors never seem to adjust. They may not be able to go home again, as Thomas Wolfe once warned, but they resist making a home of New York. Their work, too, stands apart. To their writing, they bring a closeness to the soil, an abiding sense of tradition, a refreshing wonderment at the city's delights



MORRIS & WIFE IN MANHATTAN
Liberated in Texas.

along with a certain wariness. All these qualities are much in evidence in two new books by transplanted Southerners. *North Toward Home* by Willie Morris, and *A Pride of Prejudices* by Vermont Royster.

While Horace Greeley did not write his autobiography until he was 57 and Henry Adams waited until he was 67, Willie Morris was in more of a hurry. Just six months after becoming editor in chief of *Harper's*, he has published his memoirs at 32. "It could have been an act of real pretension," he concedes, and it probably is. But Morris decided to "tell it as it really is, to tell the reader something about belonging in America."

Common Cruelty. What Willie belongs to is the dark, doom-laden Mississippi Delta and the town where he grew up—Yazoo (accent on the second syllable) City. He is adept at conveying the violence that simmers beneath the surface courtliness of the Deep South and often erupts in cruelty to Negroes—a cruelty, he admits, that he shared. At twelve, he pounced on a three-year-old Negro toddler for no good reason and beat him up. "My heart was beating furiously," he recalls, "in terror and a curious pleasure." Until he knew better, he thought only Negro women enjoyed sexual intercourse. "They were a source of constant excitement for me and filled my daydreams with delights and wonders."

It was Texas, of all places, that liberated Willie. One night after a bout of fraternity hazing at the University of Texas, "I got mad," he reports, "probably the maddest I had ever been in my whole life—at homesickness, at blond maiporettes, at gat-toothed Dallas girls, at twangy accents, at my own helpless condition. I'm better than this sorry place, I said to myself several times, and he damned if I didn't believe it." So he set to work to remedy the defects at hand; as editor of the campus paper, the *Daily Texan*, he crusaded



BROWN & THOMSON AT BANQUET
Somebody ought to shut up.

If you want to STOP SMOKING



by Y. A. Tittle

Y. A. Tittle is a former great NFL quarterback, now a successful insurance executive and successful coach for the San Francisco Forty-Niners.

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against the state's sacrosanct oil-and-gas industry, berating it for taking too much out of the state and putting too little back in. In the uproar that ensued, complete with suppression of his editorials, Willie became something of a local celebrity.

He returned to the attack after graduation by editing the anti-establishment weekly, the *Texas Observer*, but he also learned some facts of political life. "The heavy hand was not only ineffective," he reflects, "it was usually irrelevant. Humor was essentially a way of surviving, and it was no coincidence that every good man I knew had a deep and abiding sense of the absurd."

With his newfound political knowledge, Willie made the trek to New York in 1963, where he met the traditional rebuffs at the surly hands of cabbies, waiters and landlords. "I had known Mississippi rednecks," he complains, "mother-killers, grandmother-killers, sixth-year graduate students and spitballers who threw at your head; but I had never run up against people so lacking in the human graces." He found that New York literary types were not much better. One after another, the idols of his boyhood came tumbling down when he met them in the flesh. At a dinner party one night, the guests talked with glib facility about so many topics that Willie complained that he couldn't follow the conversation. "Well," said one of his dinner partners, peering into the dregs of a drink, "perhaps we are a little idiomatic."

Morris, it is clear, plans to maintain a civil tone in *Harper's*. "Ideas are not enough," he says. "The human quality has to be there."

Illusion of Paradise, Vermont Royster, editor of the Wall Street Journal, waited until a more conventional age, 53, to publish his first book, a collection of essays on a wide range of topics that he has written over the years for his paper. Consequently, Royster is more reconciled to the aberrations of New York than Willie Morris, and gives some good advice: don't give up. A colleague of his, he reports, decided to trade the New York rat race for a Vermont farm. He soon "learned that paradise is an illusion. In the countryside as in the big city, he found adultery, incest, murder, fraud, brutality, stupidity, sloth, greed, hatred and bigotry."

Royster, in a way, offers his younger colleague at *Harper's* a word of caution: beware the pitfalls of overestimating youth. "We are all excited by youth and vigor," he writes, "the young because they share it and the rest of us because we remember it. But the greater difficulty is that none of us—even young people themselves—really put as much stock in it as we all pretend to. When we must put the great affairs of life in another man's hands, we almost always turn to the mature—even the fatherly—image." Royster has grown to appreciate the relatively peaceful Eisenhower presidency. "If there was one

secret to President Eisenhower's political success—and it certainly was a secret from most of the political writers—it was the fact that the country just felt comfortable with him."

Fatal Faith. Age difference aside, Royster and Morris share a similar Southern outlook. They have an eye for the out-of-kilter detail, the endearing eccentricity that redeems even an opponent. Royster is a conservative, Morris a liberal; yet the politics of both are mellowed by an appreciation of human quality. Though he disagreed with many of Adlai Stevenson's views, Royster saluted his concession speech ("Too old to cry, but it hurt too much to laugh") in 1952: "I think that nothing better revealed in Mr. Stevenson a



ROYSER

Eye for the endearing eccentricity.

quality for leadership than the manner of his yielding it."

Royster has the conservative's ingrained distrust of people with neat solutions. "The fantasy that for every problem there exists a political solution is responsible for the drift toward paternalistic government. In its extreme form, it helps account for that phenomenon of the 20th century, the totalitarian state." While poverty clearly exists in the U.S., he feels that it has been grossly exaggerated. "Believe me," he writes, "in the slums you will also find the tempest-tossed from other lands to whom this 'poverty' is something they fled to from something far worse."

In his thoughtful pieces on foreign policy, Royster shows the same sense of measure. He cautions the U.S. to steer a course somewhere between despair and euphoria, to know its limits yet act decisively within them, to be conscious of the gradations of evil in the world without feeling compelled to try to eradicate them all. "A blind faith in total victory," he writes, "can be fatal because it assumes that evil exists in the world only by sufficiency, that all it takes to destroy it is godlike power."



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SCIENCE

SPACE

Coupling by Computer

Hard on the heels of its successful Venus landing, and just in time for the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, Russia announced last week that its space scientists had carried out an automatic rendezvous, docking and separation of two unmanned earth satellites.

Probably launched from the Tyuratam Cosmodrome in central Kazakhstan, the first of the satellites, Cosmos 186, lifted off on Oct. 27. Western scientists immediately noted that it was traveling in an orbit remarkably similar

TEXT—UPI



SOVIET DRAWING OF DOCKING
Accurate shot—but then it had to be.

to that of Soyuz 1, which crashed on landing last April, killing Soviet Cosmonaut Vladimir M. Komarov. Three days later, a cylindrical object called Cosmos 188 was rocketed aloft into the same orbital track, a scant 14.9 miles from Cosmos 186. The accuracy was remarkable, but it had to be. Western space experts have learned that Russian spacecraft radar lacks power for long-range precision, and what was to come depended largely on the radar equipment aboard 186 and 188.

Pas de Deux. From the moment of 188's launching, Russian scientists say, computers aboard Cosmos 186, reportedly large enough to carry a crew of five, began the sophisticated automatic process of finding and linking up with Cosmos 188, the passive, beaconfike partner in the space pas de deux. Then, while 188 was still in its first orbit, the two spacecraft oriented their docking mechanisms toward one another. Painstakingly, 186 moved closer. Then, high over the Ascension Island area in the South Atlantic, 186 slipped its pronged nose into a docking collar mounted on 188, linking the electrical circuits of the two vehicles. For 3½ hours, the two spacecraft formed a single entity and performed scientific tasks jointly. Then 186 and 188 were brought separately and safely back to earth in soft landings in the U.S.S.R.

In an announcement following the

feat, Tass hinted wilyly at the purpose of the unmanned docking maneuver. The mission, it said, was a step toward the "creation in orbit of big scientific space stations capable of carrying out complex and multifaceted exploration of outer space and planets." Sir Bernard Lovell, Director of Britain's Jodrell Bank observatory, agreed that this was "a logical explanation." But Lovell, as well as other Western observers, believes that the space docking project could also be part of a Soviet effort toward orbiting the moon from a space platform circling the earth. All this is necessary because the Russians, so far, do not seem to have developed a vehicle—such as the U.S.'s Saturn 5—with sufficient thrust to send up a complete exploration unit on a direct flight to the vicinity of the moon.

Serious Question. Somewhat surprisingly, Mstislav V. Keldysh, president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, had little to say about the Soviet space spectacular at a press conference that took place while the docking was achieved. Instead, he commented on suggestions by the U.S., which has already performed manned dockings and plans to trigger off the maiden launching of giant Saturn 5 this week, that the two countries cooperate. "This is a very serious question," Keldysh said. "We have received no invitation, but I think this could be discussed."

In addition to the mellow overture, Keldysh insisted that "there will be no manned launchings before the holidays." But Western space officials were keenly aware that Cosmos 186 had probably solved the soft-landing problems that turned Soyuz 1 into a funeral pyre. And noting that the U.S.S.R. has reportedly asked India for permission to land a manned capsule on its territory in the future, they speculated at week's end that the eventual result of last week's rendezvous will be a circumlunar mission destined to end with a landing in—or near—India.

ACOUSTICS

Making 3-D Pictures with Sound

Before long, the operations officer on a U.S. Navy ship may be able to tune in a device that can reproduce a three-dimensional image of an enemy submarine scores of fathoms below the surface. Or a brain surgeon may have at his fingertips the means to see, in 3D, a deep, tiny tumor that even modern X-ray techniques could not detect. Such far-out capabilities are now within reach thanks to Scientists Alexander Metherell, John Dreher, Lewis Laramore and Hussein El-Sum, of the McDonnell Douglas Corp.'s Advanced Research Laboratories at Huntington Beach, Calif. Last week, writing in the *Journal of the Acoustical Society of America*, Metherell and his collaborators described the method—called acoustical holography.

The method uses "pure" sound waves of a single frequency that are bounced off the subject and picked up by one or more scanning microphones. At the same time, a sound signal of the same frequency is transmitted directly to the microphones. The two tones—reflected and direct—interfere with each other in a complex sound pattern that is, in effect, an acoustical "picture" of the object being scanned. The mixed pattern of sound is transmitted as electrical energy from the microphones to an oscilloscope—similar to a television picture tube. The oscilloscope then converts the electrical energy into light patterns. A special polaroid camera records a time exposure negative of the converted sound pattern.

Rapid Read-Out. From this point on, Metherell's technique closely parallels that of optical holography (*TIME*, March 18, 1966). The filmed pattern is illuminated from one side by light from a helium-neon laser device. The light is diffracted by the converted sound pattern into an image of the original object. Viewers standing on the opposite side of the film can then see a measurable, three-dimensional representation of the object that has been scanned. By

ACOUSTICAL HOLOGRAPHY



TIME Diagram by V. Pappas



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One sip and you'll never again mistake it for anything else.
Cha cha cha.



Ronrico. A rum to remember.

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, NYC. 60 PROOF

reconstructing three such photographs, taken with sounds of different frequencies, the scientists believe that they will soon be able to make multicolored sound pictures of even greater accuracy. The oscilloscope pattern can also be fed into a computer rather than being filmed, for rapid read-out that shows a two-dimensional image for quick identification.

Thus far, Metherell has successfully taken black and white sound pictures of a model submarine, a model aircraft carrier, an airplane silhouette, the letter R and various geometric shapes. Using low frequencies, acoustical holography could explore for oil and mineral deposits at depths of several miles. Archaeologists could use higher frequencies to search for buried cities. Oceanographers may well map the ocean floor in the same way. And at frequencies between 1 and 10 megacycles, diagnostic holograms may some day chart not only tumors, but soft areas of the body—such as muscles, blood vessels and brain tissue—that can not be usually seen with standard X-ray techniques.

AWARDS

Unpredictable Nobel

Nobel Prize selection committees tend to wait decades rather than years to bestow their awards. Last week Sweden's Royal Academy of Sciences, which picks laureates in physics and chemistry, ran true to Nobel form.

The prize for physics went to Hans Albrecht Bethe, 61, mainly for discoveries during the 1930s concerning the energy production of stars. A German-born scientist who fled the rising Third Reich and who has been teaching at Cornell University since 1935, Bethe (pronounced Baytuh) theorized that the inordinate energy emitted by stars results from two protracted nuclear processes during which hydrogen fuses into helium. Similar research placed Bethe in the front rank of atomic-era scientists such as Edward Teller and Robert Oppenheimer who gave birth to the A-bomb.

Sharing this year's three-way Nobel Prize for chemistry are German Chemist Manfred Eigen, 40; Ronald G.W. Norrish, 70, professor emeritus of physical chemistry at Cambridge University; and Norrish's onetime student George Porter, 48, now a professor of chemistry. Eigen, Norrish and Porter were honored for their studies of rapid chemical reactions, which date from the late 1940s and early 1950s. Their Nobel-winning research revealed the subtle changes that take place during chemical reactions that last only one-billionth of a second. All three came to their award-winning conclusions by subjecting samples of various chemicals to short bursts of energy, then electrically, acoustically and optically measuring the time that elapsed before the chemicals' return to a state of equilibrium.



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With the very same champagne plush and carbon-filament bulbs.

MODERN LIVING

THE HERITAGE

Raising the Curtain in Chicago

When Chicago's Auditorium Theater opened in 1889, Pullmans, Palmers and Fields descended on the great granite edifice on Michigan Avenue in a stream of horse-drawn carriages. Inside, men stood and cheered as Adelina Patti sang *Home Sweet Home*, followed up with the Swiss *Lécher-Song* as an encore. President Benjamin Harrison, seated in a special box at the side of the stage, leaned toward Vice President Levi Morton and murmured, "New York surrenders, eh?" So it seemed that night in the magnificent hall, proudly proclaimed on the program to be "the Parnassus of modern civilization."

Last week contemporary Chicago society returned to the Auditorium Theater in Cadillacs for another first night. After almost 26 years of neglect and disuse, Louis Sullivan and Dankmar Adler's architectural masterpiece had been restored to its original splendor, and was open for business once again.

Hot Dogs & Bowling. Inside, only the entertainment had changed. Under the same frescoed ceiling with its soaring tiers of light-studded arches, the New York City Ballet performed *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. "Why don't they build like this today?" said Ballet Director George Balanchine. "Nothing could be more modern than this."

Chicagoans paid up to \$250 a seat to welcome back one of the landmark buildings of U.S. architecture. The marvel of its day, the Auditorium boasted the first central air-conditioning and heating system, the first "convertible theater" (huge ceiling panels dropped down to block off balconies, reducing the house from 4,000 to 3,000 seats), and a stage that could slide out to cover two-thirds of the orchestra. The

acoustics were superb. "I would rather sing in the Auditorium than in any other hall in the world," said Tenor John McCormack, and Soprano Nellie Melba wished that she could "fold it up and take it with me everywhere."

To make it financially stable, the Auditorium was contained within a 17-story combination office building and hotel. But by the 1920s, revenue from both hotel and Auditorium began falling off. When Utility Magnate Samuel Insull decided to build a new opera house as a showcase for his actress wife and persuaded the Chicago Civic Opera to relocate with him, the Auditorium's days seemed numbered. In 1941, the final curtain went down on a production of *Hellzapoppin*. During World War II, the empty hall was turned over to the U.S.O.: hot-dog stands and coffee bars were set up, and seats were ripped out to make room for bowling alleys. Only a decision by the newly founded Roosevelt University to take over the dilapidated building in 1946 and use it for its home kept the Auditorium standing.

Restoring the Glow. The time for sober-second thoughts came only as Chicagoans realized that while their city was rapidly growing, the number of theaters and concert stages was actually shrinking. Sparking a drive that began in 1960 to rehabilitate the Auditorium was Mrs. John V. Spachner, a tenacious and seasoned Chicago fund raiser. Undaunted by an earlier estimate that had pegged the cost of restoration at \$4,000,000, Ben Spachner enlisted the aid of an enthusiastic Louis Sullivan fan, Architect Harry Weese, 52. Weese resurrected the building, reported that it could be brought back to mint condition for only \$2,250,000, and volunteered to donate his services.

As his bible, Weese used a book print-

ed in 1899 that told the whole history of the building, right down to the names of the plumbers. He was able to reproduce exactly the original straight-backed chairs with their wrought-iron sides and champagne-colored plush, found one of the two manufacturers in the world who still make the old carbon-filament bulbs that gave the theater its soft, golden glow. He came across a piece of the original carpet, had it copied to the last detail. Rummaging through the basement, he found crates containing six stained-glass windows thought to have been designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, who had worked on the Auditorium as an 18-year-old apprentice, and who, to his dying day, considered the hall to be "the greatest room for music and opera in the world—bar none." Nobody in Chicago last week was about to disagree.

TOYS

Little Brother

Gone are the days when small children played contentedly with featureless rag dolls. Today's vogue is for realism, and toymakers now turn out dolls that can walk, talk, cry and even wet. When Frank Caplan, general manager of Creative Playthings, Inc., spotted a French doll called *Petit Prince* at Nürnberg's doll fair last March, he jumped at the opportunity to buy up distribution rights for the U.S. Renamed "Little Brother," the doll has a sweet angelic face, is, in fact, modeled after a Verrocchio Renaissance cherub in the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, and has the normal, diminutive male genitalia of a four-month-old bambino.

His arrival set off a small furor. U.S. Customs, tipped off that an obscene doll was being imported, sent an inspector to investigate. He took one look and brushed the complaint aside. But more determined opposition was building up elsewhere. In Norwood, Ohio, Mrs. Stephen Wetzel, a mother of three, read about the doll in the newspapers,



GIRL WITH BOY DOLL
Adults are most of the problem.

formed a committee that has since mailed off over a thousand letters of protest to Government officials, churches, clubs and department stores, branding the \$19.95 doll an "obscene toy." Southern California is currently being blanketed by other protesters who believe that Little Brother will "complicate existing problems of sex and perversion."

Wary of controversy, most of the 50 franchised department stores across the country are keeping Little Brother under wraps. Manhattan's Bloomingdale's doesn't stock the doll, will fill mail orders only. Denver's May-D & F and Cleveland's Higbee's have taken the doll off display, although so many customers have come in asking for it that both stores have had to reorder. With various pediatricians and child psychologists coming to the defense of Little Brother as a perfectly natural play doll "unless adult reaction makes it unnatural play." Creative Playthings is now seriously considering giving Little Brother a "Little Sister." And she will come equipped with everything that is a perfectly natural part of any four-month-old little girl.

FASHION

The Superwatch

As fashions grow minier, accessories are waxing maxier. Witness the popularity of superwatches—huge, outsize timekeepers that measure 3 in. across and come with round, square and octagonal faces. They are not just plain old white faces either. Colors can be bright orange, chartreuse, yellow or red; Britain's Old England Watches decorates one watch face with a simulated Union Jack, another with swirling psychedelic petals that spell out "Flower Power."

Inexpensive (\$12 to \$25) and frankly for show, they are worn on the wrist with wide vinyl bands in vivid electric colors, dangle from necklaces or belts, even come as adjustable rings to be worn on the finger. Nor is their appeal



DE LA RENTA & BRIDE



DRESS OF THE YEAR

It's a snap once you're over 30.

only to the young. Rose Kennedy, Carol Channing, Oveta Culp Hobby and Mary Lasker all sport them. Lord Snowdon owns several, including a big black one to harmonize with his evening clothes. The Beatles' Ringo Starr threads his on a velvet ribbon and drapes it around his neck.

Everybody's Oscar

Into the Manhattan premiere of the film *Camelot* swept Socialite Drue Heinz, resplendent in her pink brocade Oscar de la Renta gown. Then another limousine and out stepped Socialite Jean Taier, proudly wearing her pink brocade Oscar de la Renta gown. And then came Socialite (and super saleswoman for Bergdorf Goodman) Jo Hughes, equally chic in the identical Oscar de la Renta gown.

Nowadays, women take such once dreaded confrontations in stride. "We all laugh when we see ourselves in duplicate or triplicate," says Jo Hughes. Besides, the situation could have been a whole lot worse: For the same \$500 dress is owned by no fewer than 150 women, including such other notables as Ethel Kennedy, Cee-Zee Guest, Mrs. Douglas Dillon, Mrs. John R. Drexel III and Mrs. Arthur Gardner. Worn on those backs, proclaimed Society Columnist Suzy Knickerbocker, "it's the dress of the year."

Huggy Feeling. The gown is made of soft metallic brocade in a muted floral pattern, has short sleeves and a deep, slotted décolletage that can be hooked shut modestly or opened all the way down to a softly pulled obi sash in front. "If you feel sexy, you can open all the snaps," says Jean Taier. "And it a woman has any figure problems, the dress disguises them." "I'm sick of the flowing dresses that have been around—I love the huggy feeling this dress gives your figure,"

says Noreen Drexel, who wore hers to dinner at the White House recently and got compliments from all the men. Says Socialite Ames Cushing, who works as De la Renta's assistant: "I feel beautiful in it. It's regal, but it's comfortable too."

It is also a sample of the kind of dress that has made debonair, soft-spoken Oscar de la Renta, 34, the most talked-about and envied new young designer. Born in the Dominican Republic ("Most of my family were diplomats; my father was in insurance"), Oscar opted for art, switched to fashion in Paris, where he designed for Lanvin before coming to the U.S. to work with Elizabeth Arden. On his own for only two years, in September he picked up his first City American Fashion Critics Award ("Winnie") as the best U.S. designer of 1967.

Nothing Exaggerated. De la Renta is strictly a wholesale designer (exceptions: his wedding dresses for Anne Ford Lizzelli and Minnie Cushing Beard). Among his customers are Babe Paley, the Duchess of Windsor and all the Kennedys except Jackie, whose loyalty is still to Rome's Valentino. Says De la Renta of his dress of the year: "It's very feminine. There is nothing exaggerated about it, and many different types of women can wear it."

The same could be said about De la Renta's clothes generally, for he designs with the woman of over 30 firmly in mind. "There is no other age for a woman," he says. "When she is over 30, she is just starting to live her life to the fullest." A man of his word, Oscar de la Renta during a lunch hour last week slipped down to New York's city hall to marry Françoise de Langlade, 36, outgoing editor of French *Vogue*. By mid-afternoon he was back at work, putting the finishing touches on his spring collection.



OUTSIZE & ORDINARY WATCHES
Time is hardly the essence.



WESTMINSTER TITANS ON HOME FIELD
Where else would "the Wrecker" be a freshman?

FOOTBALL

A Lot from the Leftovers

Any game between two unbeaten college football teams figures to attract considerable attention—especially when one is first in the nation on offense, the other ranks first on defense, and the stakes are 1) a conference title and 2) a possible national championship. But the Waynesburg Yellow Jackets and the Westminster Titans will be embarrassed if more than 5,000 fans show up to watch them play Saturday. They would like to be accommodating—but Waynesburg field only has 5,000 seats.

By any reasonable standards, Waynesburg and Westminster qualify as small schools. To the N.C.A.A., however, size is a matter of athletic emphasis; it is measured by a school's schedule, by the conference it belongs to and the teams it plays. And by those criteria, San Diego State is also "small"—although it has 18,000 students, the use of a 50,000-seat stadium, and a football team that supplied five players to the pros last year. Yet S.D.S., which is riding a 23-game winning streak, finds Waynesburg and Westminster pressing it hard in the polls for the unofficial 1967 small-college championship.

Irresistible & Immovable. A Presbyterian liberal arts school in Waynesburg, Pa., a coal-mining community 25 miles north of the West Virginia border, Waynesburg College has a tiny, 65-acre campus and a total enrollment of 1,125—399 of them coeds. Also co-educational, also Presbyterian, and only slightly larger (1,366 undergraduates), Westminster is located in New Wilmington, Pa., a farm town of cobblestoned streets and a single spotlight. Neither college tries to compete with the big-time football foundries in recruiting high-school stars; neither pampers its athletes with snap courses or "laundry money." "We give no outright scholarships at all," says Westminster Coach Harold Burry, who also coaches golf and swimming, besides

teaching statistics. Says Waynesburg's athletic director, Clayton Ketterling: "We just pick up what's left over when the big schools get through."

The big schools have left him a lot. This season Waynesburg boasts two first-string quarterbacks, Don Paull, a runner, and John Huntley, a passer. No one yet has found a way to stop either of them. Operating from a prototype multiple offense, the Yellow Jackets have humiliated seven straight opponents by an average score of 60-5, running up an average of 488 yds. per game—more than any other college team in the U.S., big or small.

If Waynesburg is irresistible, Westminster is immovable: the Titans have held six opponents to an average of 98.8 yds. a game; their wild, gambling defense is calculated to confuse. "We use a split-six, a four-three, and a variation of the Notre Dame four-four," says Defensive Coach Ralph Bauch. "We stunt in the line, and we do a lot of blitzing to put pressure on the quarterback. We're set up to blitz any hole, and we sometimes blitz in a deep back as well as a linebacker."

Heart & Home. The mainstay of that determined defense is the blitzing safety man, Francis Tobias, a native of nearby Sharon, Pa., known to his teammates as "the Wrecker." He is typical of the kind of boy who plays for Westminster and Waynesburg. Where else could a 5-ft. 7-in., 150-lb. freshman star for the varsity? The opportunity to play also lured Center Douglas Behn to Westminster instead of Annapolis, "where I'd be sitting on the bench for several years." That same attraction, plus the fact that "it's close to home," persuaded Lineman Joe Righetti to opt for Waynesburg rather than accept a scholarship offer from West Virginia. Righetti, who is clearly no leftover, weighs 270, has been scouted by the pros.

"A boy who comes here," explains Westminster Coach Burry, "gets all the football he wants. And the spirit is great." That goes for the coaches as

well as the players. "We don't have a boosters' club here," says Burry. "We don't want one. There is no game we have to win, and I'm not going to walk the back streets if we lose."

GOLF

A Different Game

A golfer who hits a two-iron 210 yds. to within 3 in. of the pin and then complains, "Shucks, I pulled it," either has to be kidding—or Jack Nicklaus. Other people play golf; Nicklaus plays a different game. Last week, shooting what he called "the best competitive round" of that game he has ever played, Jack won the Sahara Invitational and boosted his season's earnings to an all-time record of \$211,000.

On the first hole at Las Vegas' Paradise Valley Country Club, Nicklaus elected to use a No. 3 wood off the tee, blasted the ball nearly 400 yds., and collected his first birdie of the day. At the end of nine, Jack was three strokes under par. On the 375-yd., par-four tenth hole, his tee shot left him 85 yds. from the pin. Jack put his wedge to work. The ball sailed onto the green, bounced, hit, and dropped into the hole for an eagle two. Darn, grouched Jack: "I hit it too solidly. It nearly got out of the cup."

There is no telling what the score might have been if Nicklaus' putter had been hot. Twice in the next eight holes he hung birdie putts on the lip of the cup: on the 15th, he blew an easy 41-footer and took a bogey. But he birdied the 11th, and 13th and the 14th, and on the 495 yd., par-five 17th, he collected his second eagle—covering those 495 yds. with a drive, a No. 4 iron and a 12-ft. putt. With a par on the 18th, Jack was finished. His score: 33 on the front nine, 29 on the back, a total of 62 for a nine-under-par round. Sighed his playing partner, Bob Groatly, who shot a 68 himself: "He made me feel like I didn't belong out there."



NICKLAUS AT LAS VEGAS
Birdies in Paradise.

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RELIGION

CHURCHES

Activism Is No Virtue

In recent years, the loudest voices within U.S. Christianity have been those of radical theologians urging the church to greater involvement with world issues. The mood of activism reached a peak in Detroit last month, where the Conference on Church and Society, sponsored by the National Council of Churches, exhorted U.S. religious leaders to grant sanctuary to draft dodgers, accept violence as a valid response to certain social injustices, and incite a nationwide strike if the war escalates into an invasion of North Viet Nam.

Not all churchmen are enamored of the present passion for radical pronouncement. In a new book called *Who Speaks for the Church?* (Abingdon Press), Methodist Moral Theologian Paul Ramsey offers a thoughtful critique of the trend to neglect basic ethical analysis in favor of particular pronouncements on policy. No fundamentalist, Ramsey is a professor of ethics at Princeton and an ecumenical-minded writer on contemporary Christian problems. Nonetheless, he contends that the "social action curia" of the World and National Councils of Churches has reduced ecumenical ethics to a partisan political movement.

Truncated Barthianism. As a case history of activism gone wild, Ramsey offers a detailed analysis of the World Council's 1966 Geneva Conference on Church and Society, which he attended as an observer. An overwhelming majority of the participants, he says, were doctrinaire liberals who imposed on the conference a "truncated Barthianism"—a theology emphasizing Christ as a revolutionary figure. Proposals were perfunctorily debated (floor speeches

were limited to an average of four minutes) and hurried through (no more than half of those present ever voted).

Nonetheless, in two weeks the 410 delegates rushed out 118 "conclusions." Predictably, one resolution declared that the massive American military presence in Viet Nam was unjustifiable. "Amid the gritty specifics, the crunch of political forces," comments Ramsey, "there are two sides to this and to most world questions to which Christians can with equal sincerity adhere." Another resolution stated without amplification that nuclear war "is against God's will"—ignoring the fact that "the morality of deterrence depends upon it not being wholly immoral for a government ever to use an atomic weapon."

Object of Ridicule. Far from making Christianity more relevant, says Ramsey, such woolly-headed pronouncements make it at best an object of ridicule, at worst a menace to prudent political judgment. The impact of these declamations is also weakened by the fact that the activist theologians cannot possibly speak for all Christians, given the differences of political viewpoints within the church. Ramsey finds a certain irony in the fact that the secularist syndrome is prevalent among Protestants, who are now seeking "to assume decisions that belong in the realm of the state." Ramsey argues that "not even the 'magisterium' of the Roman Catholic Church has in recent centuries, if ever, gone so far in telling statesmen what is required of them."

Ramsey concedes that the churches should be concerned with world problems. But he contends that such concern should be expressed less in "directives" and more in the form of broader spiritual "direction" that will constantly remind men of Christian ideals, without involving the church in differences over how to achieve them. Thus, he argues, churches should confine themselves to "cultivating the political ethos of a nation and informing the conscience of the statesman." Such a course, he concludes, means "leaving to the conscience of individuals both the task and the freedom to arrive at specific conclusions through untrammelled debate."

PROTESTANTS

Requiem for the Reformer

In the stone-grey East German city of Wittenberg, where Martin Luther posted his 95 theses, last week banners proclaiming SOCIALISM WILL CONQUER THE WHOLE WORLD overhung the main streets. At kiosks, vendors peddled a new kind of Kewpie doll—portly and dressed in the brown robes of an Augustinian monk. In one shop window, portraits of Luther and Lenin glared at each other across the open pages of an ancient Bible. This was the 450th anniversary of the Reformation celebrated



COMMEMORATIVE PLAY IN WITTENBERG
Alive despite the hostility.

in the midst of a "democratic socialist" republic.

Thanks largely to the cool hostility of the East German government, Reformation Day observances at Wittenberg were less majestic than they might have been. Though East German churchmen had invited 850 Western colleagues to the ceremonies, the government granted visas to only 217. It prevented a huge "Christian witness" rally that the churches had planned, by refusing to approve the use of a suitable auditorium in nearby Leipzig. Western visitors, moreover, were not allowed to travel outside the Wittenberg area, occasioning a signed protest from several Christian delegates, among them, World Council of Churches' General Secretary Eugene Carson Blake, declaring that they might not have attended the observances at all "had they known of this restriction."

Promise for the Mourning. On October 31, an ecumenical procession of colorfully robed clergymen shuffled solemnly along Wittenberg's cobbled streets from the Lutherhaus, the building where Luther worked and taught, to the stately Castle Church. There, East German Bishop Johannes Janicke of East Germany's Evangelical Church preached a sermon based on the beatitudes that had a distinctly contemporary relevance. Today, he said, "the cry of the masses for righteousness has been clad in atheistic ideology." Nonetheless, "the beatitudes place the poor, the mourning, the meek and the hungry under the promise of God's government. God has a plan for this world."

Later, Presbyterian Blake admitted that "I went to Wittenberg on a church invitation, and I was shocked at the restrictions." For all that, Blake was encouraged by the willingness of a Marxist state to commemorate Luther in its own way, even in the dubious guise of



PRINCETON'S RAMSEY

Fewer directives, more direction.



CHRIST BEFORE THE SANHEDRIN

Neither reason nor precedent for the statements.

a precursor of the proletarian revolution, and by the mere fact that East Germany's much-beleaguered Protestants were able to hold commemorative services at all. "The thing that needs to be understood in the U.S.," Blake said, "is that the church exists and lives in East Germany."

THE BIBLE

An Attempt to Save Jesus?

Who was responsible for Jesus' death? Although the Gospels tend to blame the Jews of Jerusalem, Christian Biblical scholars generally agree that the Evangelists underplayed Roman responsibility. Now, Israel Supreme Court Justice Haim Cohn, an expert in the history of Jewish legal traditions, argues that not only did the Jews have no part in the trial of Christ, but also that the Sanhedrin, Judaism's high court, actually tried to save him from death.

Judge Cohn's thesis, which has intrigued Christian Scriptural experts in Jerusalem, is contained in an article in the current issue of the *Israel Law Review*. Analyzing the Gospel accounts of the Passion in the light of known facts about legal customs and traditions of Jesus' time, Cohn insists that Jesus was tried and condemned for the political crime of insurrection—a charge that could be handled only by the Roman Procurator and not by a Jewish court. The Justice supports this suggestion by reference to the Gospel texts: when Jesus was asked by Pilate if he was King of the Jews, he answered "You have said so"—in effect, says Cohn, a *nota contendere* admission of guilt.

Recouping Prestige. On legal grounds, Cohn insists that there is neither reason nor precedent behind the Gospel statements that the Sanhedrin

examined Jesus on the night before his Crucifixion, condemned him, and turned him over to the Romans for a speedy trial and death. For one thing, it is most unlikely that the Sanhedrin would have undertaken any kind of fact-finding investigation on behalf of the hated bloody-handed Pontius Pilate. Just as improbable would have been a trial after sundown—especially on the eve of Passover, when most members of the Sanhedrin would have been busy with ritual preparations for the feast. Still, if they had met, under Jewish law any condemnation would have required the sworn testimony of at least two trustworthy witnesses. Even according to the Gospels, none could be found.

Why, then, did the Jewish authorities summon Jesus? Their motive, Cohn believes, may well have been a desire to recoup their waning popular prestige by saving a prophetic teacher beloved by the masses of Jerusalem. In Cohn's reconstruction of the events, the Sanhedrin first examined witnesses not to condemn Christ but to find men who would convincingly testify in his favor before the Romans. When it could find none, the high court attempted to persuade Jesus to plead not guilty before the Romans; he refused. The huffing that *Matthew* says Jesus received from Sanhedrin members was thus not punishment for blasphemy but simply the product of bitter frustration. "Jesus had refused to cooperate and to bow to their authority," says Cohn. "and there was nothing that could be done to prevent the trial from taking its course."

As portrayed in a symbolic painting by an unknown 16th century Flemish artist, Jesus is in the foreground, on a throne in background is Caiaphas, the high priest, seated at left, curiously depicted in medieval Jewish garb, is presumably Pontius Pilate



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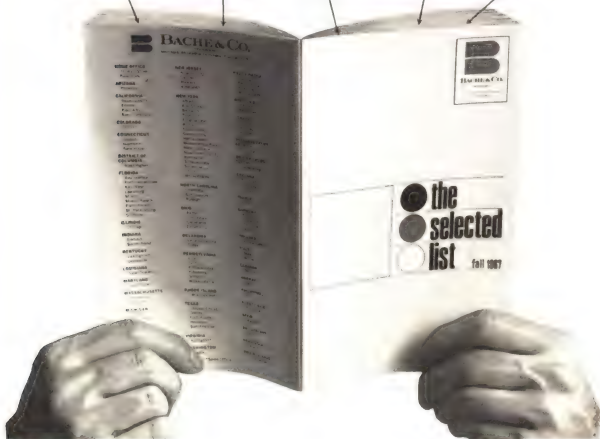
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WHITELEY & "DYLAN"
Optimism and madness in the yellow.

PAINTING

Plaster Apocalypse

"I'm trying to paint the life force of a thing," says Australian-born Brett Whiteley. "There has always been a sense of violence in my work." There has also been a strong strain of sensuality. Three years ago, at the age of 25, Whiteley established himself in the vanguard of young London painters (*TIME*, Oct. 9, 1964) with one Baconesque series of 25 paintings, all showing his pretty young wife nude in the bath, plus another series depicting the passionate antics of Sex Murderer John Christie. His latest show at Marlborough New London Gallery is difficult to characterize. Is it expressionist? Surrealist? Pop? Funk? Hard to say, but critics find Whiteley's new work infinitely greater in depth and sophistication.

Demonic Force. The artist now mixes media with enthusiastic abandon. The 17 monstrous painted panels in the London show are augmented by grafted-on photographic blowups, found objects and even entire plaster sculptures. And their subject matter is as apocalyptic as their technique is accomplished. Typical is his self-portrait of the artist at work. Whiteley painted in his head, wreathed in its halo of reddish hair, and showed his left hand drawing at an easel. But the right, black-shirted arm snakes out across the floor to where his twisted, plaster-spattered fingers offer the startled viewer a fresh carnation (the gallery changes it daily).

Nor did Whiteley stop there. Above his self-portrait erupt five flat thought balloons, containing a photo of a nude torso, a tube of oozing white oil paint, a fungoid dream landscape with a bit of highway, a montage of Hitler in a

motorcade emoting into a zebra-striped speech bubble—and a question mark. The whole is obviously meant to depict the varied factors that Whiteley believes shaped his artistic sensibility: the balloons are also signs pointing to Whiteley's belief that life is a journey to be traveled and that it is dominated by the demonic force of history.

Whoop It Up. Whiteley himself is now in the U.S., at the start of a \$500-a-month Harkness Foundation scholarship. He has holed up in a penthouse at Manhattan's Chelsea Hotel with his wife and three-year-old daughter, and is already hard at work on an American series, including a collage portrait of Folk-Rock Singer Bob Dylan. Says Whiteley: "Dylan is the outsider. He's the most on person in America." What turns Whiteley on mainly is New York itself, a city that he feels is "like a living sculpture." To capture his first impressions he has nearly completed a "celebration to New York, a whoop-it-up scene" that shows a model consisting entirely of legs, breasts and lips emerging from an immense, sculptured yellow taxi cab. He has spotted yellow as New York's special color. "It is an American yellow," he says, "the color of optimism. It's in the taxis, in the mustard, in the Kodak boxes and Con Edison construction tents, in the sanitation trucks." It is a joyful color, which reminds him of the sun. But he adds, "It is also the color of madness."

Electricity in Water

Nearly 80 years after his death, Vincent Van Gogh still remains a startlingly modern artist. Psychologists continue to delight in analyzing the psychoses betrayed by his tormented whorls. Lovers of abstract expressionism find in his silt-furrowed palette a close relationship with Pollock and De Kooning. Yet, as is made clear by a lively display of 90 Van Gogh watercolors and drawings (see *color opposite*) that go on view this month at Philadelphia's Museum of Art, Van Gogh was in more than one major respect a 19th century man. While today's painters see their paintings as objects in themselves and delight in elaborate techniques, Van Gogh used the simplest mediums he could find to convey his own intense response to the world about him.

Although Van Gogh labored diligently to perfect his draftsmanship, he had nothing but contempt for it as an end in itself. "Art," he wrote a friend, "is something not created by hands, but something that wells up from a deeper source out of our soul, and in the cleverness and technical knowledge with regard to art, I find something that reminds me of what in religion one would call self-righteousness." As a Dutch preacher's son preparing for the Protestant ministry, he taught himself to draw the dour peasants and bleak countryside almost as a form of spiritual

ART

communication. "I see in the whole of nature, for instance in the trees, expression, and so to speak, soul," he said of an early sketch. "A row of pollard willows sometimes has something of a procession of orphaned men about it."

Later, when he had forsaken evangelism for a career as an artist, Van Gogh used the pen and pencil as a way of storing up details or of working out the organization of scenes he wanted to do in oils. In the last ten years of his life, he produced 800 oils and an even larger number of preliminary drawings and watercolors. The process of distilling the essence of dozens of sketches into one painting "was something like an electric discharge," says Vincent W. Van Gogh, his nephew and chairman of the foundation from whose collection the current display was assembled. "That's why in Provence he could very often complete a large painting in a single day."

Nonetheless, many of the minor works are high-voltage pictures in themselves. A savage chop of cross-hatching and rapid brush strokes give Van Gogh's watercolor foliage as much urgency as one done in a heavy oil impasto; the extravagantly translucent turquoise shadows of his barred window at the Saint-Rémy asylum emphasize the manic oppressiveness of the room's yellow walls.

Van Gogh's paintings have made the squares, houses and bridges of Saint-Rémy and Arles among the best-known scenes of France. But neither town as yet has raised a monument to the artist who made them famous. This oversight is now being corrected by Los Angeles Sculptor William Earl Singer, 57, who has cast a large head of Van Gogh, designed to reflect varying emotions as the sun passes over it, and has offered the sculpture as a gift, to be set up in a public place in Arles.



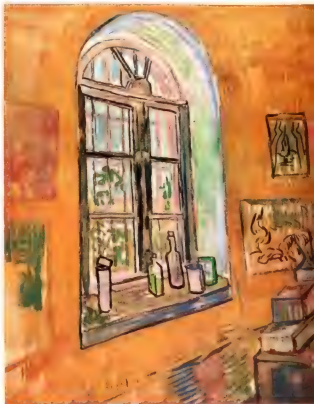
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VAN GOGH AS DRAFTSMAN



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DATES FROM ARTIST'S FINAL YEAR

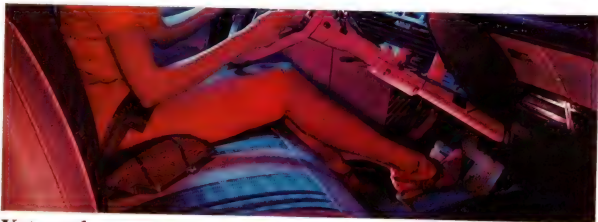


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CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Lucky Death Sentence

"By your vicious act," intoned Maryland Judge James H. Pugh, "you are not entitled to any consideration by the court. You were so ravenous that nothing could prevent you from committing this treacherous act. You were determined to satisfy your passionate desires." He then proceeded to sentence two Negro defendants—James and John



JAMES & JOHN GILES AFTER RELEASE
Consideration after all.

Giles—to the gas chamber for the rape of a white girl near Spencerville, Md. In a separate trial, a third defendant, Joseph Johnson, was also convicted and condemned. Though the three hardly thought so then, they were actually lucky to get the death sentence. The punishment was so severe that a group of white citizens began their own investigation.

It was admitted that two of the three defendants had intercourse with the girl. But they contended that she had volunteered. According to John Giles's testimony, she said that she had had relations with "16 or 17 men that week and three more wouldn't make any difference." The jury had rejected that statement, but the committee's investigation of the girl turned up evidence of mental instability and promiscuity. What's more, it developed that the prosecutor was aware of some of that evidence. And though it could have had a bearing on the girl's credibility, he did not give all of the relevant information to the defense.

An appeal was mounted, and last year, for a variety of reasons—among them the prosecutor's suppression of evidence—the U.S. Supreme Court threw out the conviction. Last week at the new trial, the girl—now married and the mother of two—did not even show up to testify. The prosecution's case collapsed, and the Giles brothers walked out of court as free men. Strat-

egy is now being mapped to free Johnson as well.

Not everyone whose conviction is thrown out by the Supreme Court has such good fortune. Three years ago, the Supreme Court found that Brooklyn Murderer Nathan Jackson was entitled to consideration of his claim of having been drugged when he confessed. But at a subsequent hearing, Jackson's confession was found to be untainted by drugs after all. He was retried, reconvicted and, because he had killed a policeman, resented to death. Last week the New York Court of Appeals upheld his sentence.

Voiding Vagrancy

The way the tide of the law is flowing, it is likely that local vagrancy and similar statutes will soon fall under the disapproving glare of the courts. The contention is that such laws are unconstitutionally vague and overbroad, violate the First and 14th Amendments, and lend themselves to misuse by law-enforcement officials. Last month, a three-judge U.S. District Court struck Kentucky's vagrancy laws a heavy blow. By so doing, it put similar laws in other states in jeopardy.

The court acted after a group of open-housing demonstrators in Louisville had aroused the ire of local citizens. To prevent trouble, the police had made arrests on several charges, including vagrancy and loitering. The demonstrators countered by challenging the constitutionality of all the laws they had been accused of violating.

As a result, by a 2-to-1 ruling, Kentucky's vagrancy statute was declared null and void because of vagueness. Louisville's loitering and disorderly-conduct ordinances went down on the same ground. An ordinance requiring permits for parades was found to contain no standards to guide the licensing au-

thorities. A state law against criminal syndicalism included a ban on counseling an unlawful method to accomplish a political end; this, said the court, violated the First Amendment's free-speech guarantee. And since the state conspiracy law could be read to outlaw "such functions as peaceable assembly," it too was declared unconstitutional.

N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund Lawyer Mel Zarr, who argued the case, naturally was pleased. "Carrying these laws on the books is dangerous," he said. "They grant too much discretion to police. This is the front wave of legal decisions to come."

WILLS

Inheritance of Headaches

It sounds too trite to be true. Little old lady meets polite young policeman; polite young policeman befriends little old lady; little old lady leaves entire estate to polite young policeman. And who does the little old lady turn out to be? Why, none other than one of the heiresses to Texas' fabulous King Ranch, worth millions.

It happened in Chicago, in 1965. There, just two weeks before Christmas, a spinster lady named Alice Byron Atwood died at 85, leaving behind a reputation for warmth and generosity. Being the granddaughter of Richard King, she also left behind upwards of \$10 million—all of it bequeathed to "my dearly beloved friend," a 35-year-old patrolman named Michael De Bella. The policeman has never explained how he met Miss Atwood, but a grandmotherly affection obviously developed in the heart of the reclusive old lady, so painfully shy that the only known photograph of her was taken when she was a child. Sometimes De Bella invited her to dine with his family; he often spent his lunch hour visiting her lonely hotel apartment.

"Grateful Recognition." Now, nearly two years later, De Bella has yet to see a cent of his inheritance. The will leav-



FISHER



ALICE ATWOOD (AGED 8)



DE BELLA

Said the bank: "Unreasonable, arbitrary, inequitable, unfair, fraudulent."

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ing everything to him naturally also disinherited a number of relatives. One, Mrs. Elise Baldwin, sister to Alice Atwood, is contesting the new will. Also contesting is Miss Atwood's lawyer, Thomas Hart Fisher, who came up with the news that an earlier will had left the estate to him "in grateful recognition of the many years during which he has been my friend, counselor and attorney." Fisher contends that the new will is invalid since Miss Atwood was "in her dotage and senile." De Bella, still a \$173.25-a-week Chicago patrolman, is fighting back, but the will is only the last of his worries.

When the Continental Illinois National Bank & Trust Co., acting as executor, sought to determine the value of Miss Atwood's holdings, it discovered that the holdings did not seem to be all there. In a suit filed on behalf of the estate, bank lawyers allege that Fisher has already been well compensated for his services to Miss Atwood. Soon after he became the lawyer for her and her brother Edwin, he persuaded them that in payment for work on a lawsuit they should sign over what amounted to 35% of their King Ranch inheritance. For other legal work, he got 10% more. That left Alice and Edwin with 55% of the inheritance—27 1/2% apiece. Fisher had 45%, half in his name, half in his wife's. That, said the bank, was "unreasonable, arbitrary, inequitable, unfair, fraudulent and against public policy." And, the bank's allegations continue, it was only the start.

"I Trusted Him," Fisher subsequently got himself and his wife named, along with Alice and Edwin, as parties to at least two joint checking accounts. Eventually, says the bank, he had nearly complete control of the Atwoods' finances; he apparently gave them nothing except allowances of \$1,000, or \$2,000 a month from 1947 to 1965. Meanwhile, the bank went on, he was transferring more than \$3,000,000 out of one account, negotiating loans using the Atwoods' assets as collateral and investing their money in stocks.

Fisher insists that there is not one single penny unaccounted for, and he may well be right. But seven times he has failed to obey a court order directing him to make his records available. When he was cited for contempt, he moved across the state border to Indiana. Last May, Edwin Atwood joined the fray as a co-plaintiff with the bank against Fisher. In all, says Edwin, Fisher and his wife will have to account for a cool \$5,953,933.27. "From the beginning, he has used the relationship of attorney and client for his own enrichment," added Edwin. "He was my attorney, and I thought it was for my good to sign what he asked me to sign. I trusted him." As a result of his trust and his sister's, the courts must now try to unravel just how much the estate is worth, how much, if anything, Fisher owes the estate, and who is entitled to it—what there is left after lawyers' fees

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MUSIC

COMPOSERS

Thinking Big

The set looked like a huge, ominous Tinkertoy: an abstract tangle of pipes, scaffolds and ladders against a moody blue backdrop. The singers, clambering over it with starkly stylized gestures, seemed to be groping through a hallucinatory dream sequence. "It was," said the composer, "an ideal staging that caught the nightmarish quality I intended and gave it an extra dimension."

Thus the San Francisco Opera last week gave Gunther Schuller's first opera, *The Visitation*, the kind of production it has always needed and never had. The Hamburg State Opera, which commissioned the work, performed it successfully last year (TIME, Oct. 21, 1966). Yet when the Hamburgers brought their production to New York City last summer, American audiences booed nearly as much as they applauded. Partly they were disappointed by its literal realism, which seemed at odds with Schuller's Kafka-inspired libretto and feverishly atonal score.

There were no boos in San Francisco last week. Producer Paul Hager toned down some of the explicit sex and sociology of Hamburg's version, pointed up some of the opera's philosophical overtones, and allowed Schuller to reinstate a subtler ending, which the Hamburgers had cut. These modifications, and the new stage design—plus the impassioned singing of Baritone Simon Estes in the lead—gave the story of a Negro lynching a harrowing touch of surrealism.

Third Streamer. Composer Schuller, 42, is emerging as one of the most vital figures in American music. No

sooner had he finished conducting the San Francisco performance than he hopped a jet back to Boston, where he is in his first year as president of the New England Conservatory of Music. In two months he has revamped the conservatory's somewhat musty operation to put more stress on practical training, brought in 17 new faculty members, expanded the curriculum and stepped up fund raising. "Why not think big?" he asks. "This conservatory could affect the musical education of the nation."

Schuller is also an energetic teacher, lecturer and writer: next April, Oxford University Press will publish the first of two volumes on the history and musical form of jazz. Already a widely played orchestral composer and an innovator of the "third stream" blend between jazz and classical techniques, he has accepted 23 commissions for new works, five of them operas.

What makes it more impressive is that Schuller was a high school dropout, and is a completely self-taught composer ("I learned from the best teachers, the scores themselves"). The son of a New York Philharmonic violinist, he became a professional French horn player at 16, at 19 started a 14-year stint with the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra. All the while, he composed prolifically, even scribbling notes during rests at performances.

In 1959, the strain of his double career forced him to quit the Met. On the prospects for contemporary composers these days, he is unfashionably optimistic. "We have a larger, more promising and better-educated group of composers in this country than we have ever had," he says. "They are being heard more than they were 20 years

ago." Financially, a composer with talent "could expect to be doing pretty well by the time he is 45 or 50." Clearly, in more ways than one, Schuller is doing pretty well.

ORCHESTRAS

Big Five Plus One?

After sitting in on rehearsals last week for the U.S. premiere of his two-hour oratorio, *The Passion and Death of Jesus Christ According to St. Luke*, Polish Composer Krzysztof Penderecki was exuberant. The conductor, he said, "is excellent. He understands modern music—he has composed it himself. I have complete trust in him." Penderecki was talking about the musical director of the Minneapolis Symphony, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, 44. Later in the week, Skrowaczewski returned the compliment by leading his orchestra, soloists and local chorists in two awesomely jolting performances of the *Passion* at Minneapolis' Northrup Auditorium.

Auspicious Strides. That Minneapolis was chosen to play the U.S. premiere of such a major work (TIME, Oct. 14, 1966) is attributable largely to the auspicious strides that Skrowaczewski has taken there in recent years. In 1960, when he was named Antal Dorati's successor on the Minneapolis podium, Skrowaczewski was the conductor of the Warsaw Philharmonic and a former avant-garde composer. He had made only a handful of guest appearances with U.S. orchestras and was practically unknown in the States. Nowadays his name is not only familiar and esteemed but also correctly pronounced (Skro-vah-ah-eff-ski) throughout the American orchestral circuit.

A stern, scholarly type who conducts with angular, storklike grace, Skrowaczewski takes an approach that is exact and exacting. Starting with a unit that was already a leader in the second rank of U.S. orchestras (behind the "big five" of Boston, Philadelphia, New



SAN FRANCISCO'S "VISITATION" (AT RIGHT: BARITONE SIMON ESTES)

How refreshing a dream, this nightmare.



SCHULLER IN CONSERVATORY CLASS



MINNEAPOLIS' SKROWACZEWSKI
Declaration of war.

York, Cleveland and Chicago), he has given it an even finer edge of technical precision. While enriching its sound, particularly in the strings, he has achieved a limpid texture that lets the inner architecture of the music shine through. His interpretations, though vigorous and often intense, do not often reflect great emotional involvement—a trait that frustrates some members of the audience and orchestra. "Sometimes," sighs one of his musicians, "we wish he'd let himself go more."

Temper for the 20th. Nevertheless, Skrowaczewski's technique and temper are ideally suited to the complex music of the 20th century. Of all the programming changes he has made in Minneapolis—expanded season, summer "play-ins" for Minnesota high schoolers, more stress on cycles of thematically unified concerts and less on big-name soloists—by far the most significant is the generous sampling of provocative modern works. Already this season he has conducted the American premiere of a 1957 violin concerto by French Composer Serge Nigg, and in the months ahead he will present music by Alban Berg, William Schuman and Charles Ives. "Contemporary music, on the whole, is as good as what was written 100 or 200 years ago," he insists.

Skrowaczewski's efforts have convinced Minneapolis civic leaders that, in the words of one symphony official, "it's now possible for us to have one of the great orchestras of the world." The orchestra has launched a drive to raise \$10 million in capital funds, is planning to enlarge from its current 94 players to 105, and is already underwriting more tours. This month it will air-lift the entire production of Penderecki's *Passion* to New York City for a performance in Carnegie Hall. "In a sense," says Orchestra Manager Richard Cisek, "we're declaring war on the big five."

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TELEVISION



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CRAIGHEAD TAGGING GRIZZLY
Stars of nature.

SPECIALS

Of Bears & Bygones

Television on tape or film often suffers from loss of spontaneity, but it frequently makes up the loss with a quality of intimacy and awe. CBS last week ran off two such engaging programs:

Grizzly, the first special in the National Geographic Society series, focused mostly on 51-year-old twin brothers, Frank and John Craighead, a pair of wildlife biologists who track, drug, tag, and record the habits of grizzlies in Yellowstone and Grand Teton national parks. Best shot: a bear wakes with a roar from his drug-induced slumber and charges head-on into the side of the Craigheads' car. The Craigheads, though, are the real stars: urban viewers can only admire the intelligence and understanding with which they impart to their children a respect and fascination for natural life.

J.J.K.—*The Childhood Years* was an informal and warmly touching half-hour of reminiscences by Rose Kennedy, 77. Composed and strikingly attractive in a hot-pink dress, she was interviewed by CBS Newsman Harry Reasoner in the simple three-story frame house in Brookline, Mass., where President Kennedy and three of her other eight children were born. "To give courage to other mothers because so many people are discouraged about their children," Mrs. Kennedy mused about her son's chronic tardiness and lack of discipline at boarding school. She told how "the President" heeded her motherly advice to wear a striped tie on TV because it looked chic, and to keep his hands out of his pockets. Throughout her recollections, she was at once a nostalgic mother and a gallant woman. As Reasoner summed up: "When you talk to Rose Kennedy now in the setting of this old house, which would put her in mind of the sadnesses of long life it anything would, what you hear is thankfulness for the opportunities life gave her and her family—not bitterness. This is the strength of the mother." It was, in short, a profile in courage.

PUBLIC TV

Opportunities for Change

That ragged orphan, public television, has got a new pair of shoes. The Ford Foundation went on camera this week with the Public Broadcast Laboratory (PBL), a \$10 million, two-hour Sunday-night experimental series aimed at proving that noncommercial television can be worth watching. And in Washington, President Johnson had on his desk, ready for signature, the Public Broadcasting Act of 1967. It provides the first federal subsidy for TV programming, to be administered by a 15-man Public Television Corporation. It is too much to expect that either event will soon revolutionize television, but together they constitute important opportunities for change.

The purpose of PBL, says Executive Director Av Westin, is "to stir things up, to challenge the status quo of both commercial and educational television." Westin had his stir even before the first program went on the air, chiefly because PBL had not yet resolved its most fundamental internal problem: point of view. If PBL hopes to provide an alternative to much of the pap that fills the commercial channels, it will have to be provocative. But the concern of some of PBL's advisers was that PBL's programming might confuse sensationalism, or at least irresponsibility, with healthy iconoclasm.

Muckraking Ache. When the non-commercial station managers were informed that PBL had prepared pocket documentaries on the campaigns of Louise Day Hicks in Boston and Negro Mayoralty Candidates Carl Stokes and Richard Hatcher in Cleveland and Gary, Ind., they began worrying about whether they would have to make room for opposing points of view. Similarly, PBL's plans for "anti-commercials" on smoking and the relatively high prices of name-brand aspirin were bound to excite complaints from offended busi-

* The now accepted term for noncommercial television, encompassing educational TV but excluding academic programming.

ness interests. The problem for PBL staffers who ache to do some muckraking is not how to avoid offending but how to do it fairly and responsibly.

The new Public Broadcasting Act, while satisfactory in most respects, is ambiguous in others. A restrictive House amendment requires that public-TV programming be "objective and balanced." That catch phrase is scarcely helpful; taken to an extreme, it could be downright silly. Says Hartford Gunn, manager of Boston's WGBH, the nation's outstanding public-TV channel: "If we have a program saying pollution is bad, does this mean we have to do a program saying pollution is good?"

Another concern is money. The Carnegie Commission report on television, which led to the creation of the Public Broadcasting Act, calculated that the corporation would need \$56 million annually during its founding years, that by 1980 the whole public-TV system would cost \$270 million a year. The Public Broadcasting Act apportions only \$9,000,000 in "seed money" for the corporation, and the actual appropriation may be even less.

Worse, to Carnegie thinking, the \$9,000,000 is a one-shot grant rather than part of a permanent annual endowment that would insulate the Public Television Corporation from yearly budget screening and perhaps meddling censorship attempts by Congress. Says Edward P. Morgan, the veteran ABC newscaster who is chief correspondent of PBL: "No self-respecting journalist can go hat in hand to Congress every year, saying, 'We'll treat you better next year if you give us \$100 million now.'"

What counts more right now, however, is what public TV will do with the money it gets. There is no danger that it will put commercial television out of business. But there is enough viewer weariness with standard TV to suggest that the noncommercial brand



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should find a receptive audience. And it may even come to pass that competition from successful public TV will force the commercial networks to improve their product.

COMEDIES

Success Is a Warm Puppy

As a young 'un in Sylacauga, Ala., which is just down the road a piece from Gantt's Quarry, Jim Nabors was a regular cutup. He used to play tricks with his voice by hollering down drainpipes and talking through knotholes. And when he dressed up like a hillbilly for a high school skit, he was funnier than a bowlegged mule. But later on, after he graduated from the University of Alabama and worked for a spell in New York City as a typist, he came back with a highfalutin accent, and nobody thought he was funny any more. His mother, Mavis Pearl, straightened him out right quick. "Stop talking like a fool," she said.

Mama knew best. By talking natural-like, Nabors, as the star of CBS's *Gomer Pyle—U.S.M.C.*, has grown successively more popular in four seasons, and last week his show finished third, just behind *The Lucy Show* and *Bonanza* in the ratings sweepstakes. He croons, too, in a big, booming baritone that, on his five bestselling albums, sounds vaguely like, well, a fellow hollering down a drainpipe. On the state-fair circuit, he harvests \$25,000 for an appearance in which he tells a few jokes ("The tornado was so bad a hen laid the same egg twice") and does songs (*She Was a T-Bone Talking Woman but She Had a Hot-Dog Heart*). In Las Vegas, he sings "You load 16 tons and what do you get? A hernia." That's good for \$40,000 a week.

Nervous Cat. Nabors is both a representative and a caricature of the noble American rustic. As Gomer, a leather-neck PIC, he wears a gee-whiz expression, spouts homilies out of a lopsided mouth and lopes around uncertainly like a plowboy stepping through a field of cow dung. He is a walking disaster area. When his drill sergeant chastises him for "taking the taxpayer's money without putting in a day's work," the hapless recruit returns part of his paycheck—and fouls up the bookkeeping system of the entire Marine Corps. Yet in the end, Gomer's goodness always wins out. He is, in short, an innocent out of step with the swinging '60s, which must explain why the Nielsens love him so.

Nabors, who offstage is only slightly less gentle than Gomer, went to Los Angeles in 1958 not to feed his ambition but to foil his asthma. He worked as an apprentice film cutter, sang on amateur nights at a club called The Horn. TV's Andy Griffith dropped by one night, liked his country-bumpkin patter between songs and offered him a walk-on role in his series. Nabors says he was as nervous as a cat in a room full

of rocking chairs, but Griffith assured him that "all I had to do was act like one of those fellows down home who sit around the gas pump reading comic books." Shucks, that was easy, and Nabors soon became a regular on the show. *Gomer*, naturally, was a spin-off.

No Belchfire. Though he will make \$500,000 this year, Nabors is hardly the type to go Hollywood. His fans like to think of him as "jes folks," and he knows on which side his cornbread is buttered. He lives alone in a six-room house in unchic Studio City with a swimming pool that, by Hollywood standards, is little more than a glorified bathtub. No dual-exhaust Belchfire sports car for him; his speed is a Rambler station wagon. He leaves the wheeling and dealing to his manager, Dick

DAVID WOLF



NABORS AS GOMER

He knows where his cornbread is buttered.

Linke, a Hollywood slicker who limits Nabors to a weekly allowance of \$75, pours the rest of his money into California real estate. Most recent acquisitions: a 160-acre farm near Palm Springs for \$500,000, a 330-acre tract on an island near San Francisco for \$300,000.

"Jim is a warm puppy," says Linke, who fully expects him to soon outearn his other top client, Andy Griffith. "I figure another year of Jim doing Gomer, then on to Broadway. Then back to Hollywood for the movies. I've got another Al Jolson on my hands. You see how in his act I got him dropping down on one knee like Jolie? He hasn't got that voice throb yet, but it's coming, it's coming."

The folks back in Sylacauga don't much cotton to that kind of talk, including Mavis Pearl. "I get tickled at her sometimes," says Nabors. "She has more money to spend than she ever had in her life, and you know what she does with it? Puts it in the bank in my name—just in case."

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MILESTONES

Born. To Eddie Fisher, 39, nightclub crooner, and Connie Stevens, 29, TV and movie actress; a daughter, in Burbank, Calif. They had not previously announced that they were married and, although Eddie now said they were, nobody could care less.

Married. Margaret Smith, 25, strapping queen of Australian tennis (twice Wimbledon winner, seven times Aussie national champion), and Barry Court, 26, real estate salesman; in Perth.

Married. Oscar de La Renta, 34, Manhattan fashion designer, and Francine de Langlade, 36, former editor of *French Vogue*; he for the first time, she for the third; in Manhattan (see MODERN LIVING).

Died. Dr. Ludwig Roth, 58, German-born rocket engineer, of pneumonia; in Redondo Beach, Calif. Chief designer of the V-1 "buzz bombs" that crashed on London in World War II. Roth joined the German rocketeers brought to the U.S. in 1945, contributed greatly to NASA programs.

Died. Lawrence J. Iitchfield Jr., 67, past chairman of Alcoa aluminum, after a stroke; in Philadelphia. During a 40-year career with the nation's largest aluminum producer, he tramped African jungles, struck oil in Texas and saw sales top \$1 billion in 1964.

Died. Julien Duvivier, 71, French movie director; of an apparent heart attack; in Paris. A veteran of silent films, Duvivier first used a series of character-study vignettes in 1937's *Carnet de Bal* to illuminate the movie's main theme. Among his other remembrances: 1951's *The Little World of Don Camillo*, starring Fernandel.

Died. Thomas A. Morgan, 80, longtime head of Sperry Corp., of a heart attack; in Henderson, N.C. Though he was not a flier, in the early 1930s Morgan was president of North American Aviation and Curtiss-Wright, as well as Sperry Gyroscope. In 1933 he concentrated on Sperry, diversified into missiles and bay blades, and boosted annual sales from \$3,000,000 to \$240 million by retirement in 1952.

Died. Clare F. Hoffman, 92, longtime (1935-63) Republican Congressman from Michigan, of pneumonia; in Allegan, Mich. Hoffman generated so much bile over F.D.R., the New Deal, organized labor, and U.S. internationalism that even fellow Republicans were uneasy in his terrible-tongued presence, and Massachusetts' Democrat John McCormack was once moved to remark: "I hold all my colleagues in highest esteem. I hold the gentleman from Michigan in my minimum-highest esteem."



President Somerall (right) and Executive Vice President Desch, in the corporate policy film produced by TMI Productions, New York, for Pepsi-Cola Company.

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BUSINESS

AUTOS

The Toll

The Ford Motor Co. strike was 53 days old last week when United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther and Company Negotiator Malcolm Denise finally signed a new three-year labor contract. That done, Ford announced that it lost \$73.9 million during 1967's third quarter, compared with a \$65.8 million profit for the same period last year. It was the biggest earnings setback since Ford went public in 1956, and the strike was obviously to blame. But troubling though the deficit was, Ford should make up most of its losses with a surge of sales to customers who waited out the strike.

For the moment, however, the strike was not really over. Despite the national settlement, such local issues as overtime and work conditions kept a number of assembly and parts plants closed down, and production was not expected to get into full swing until some time this week.

Ford was also hounded by another of Detroit's now familiar auto recalls. Citing possible steering-wheel defects, the company called back 745,000 cars, including its entire 1967 production run of 447,000 Mustangs. The postal expense of notifying car owners set Ford back at least \$260,000, not to mention the cost of inspections and possible parts replacements. In the case of recalled '66 and '67 Falcons, Fairlans and Thunderbirds, the company blamed "workmanship problems rather than design"—a pointed indictment of the workers who, under the new contract, will cost better than \$5.30 an hour in wages and fringe benefits.



ED COLE & DOLLIE
Chrome amid the brass.

EXECUTIVES

G.M.'s New Line-Up

After waiting until the last day before Chairman Frederick G. Donner's retirement at 65, General Motors finally named its new men at the top. As expected, Donner's successor is 60-year-old President James M. Roche (TIME cover, May 20, 1966). As for Roche's successor, G.M. settled weeks of speculation by tapping Edward Nicholas Cole, 58, one of five executive vice presidents who had been in the running.

Showing off his team in G.M.'s Manhattan headquarters, Roche promised the "continuation of an effective, hard-hitting group." And he made it clear that ebullient Engineer-Salesman Ed Cole was expected to be the hardest hitter of all.

"A Little Intrigue." A farmer's son with a small-town (Marine, Mich.) background, Cole joined the company 37 years ago, when he signed on for an engineering training program. One of G.M.'s brightest tinkers, Cole was marked as a comer in 1952 when he was asked to fire up the then dowdy Chevrolet division. In a bare 15 weeks, he developed a lighter, snappier engine that he coyly boasted had "a little intrigue." It had enough to spur a new burst of sales, and four years later Cole was head of the division.

Cole's reputation soared still higher when he not only designed the revolutionary rear-engine Corvair, but outflanked several layers of unwilling management to sell then Chairman Harlow Curtice on the lively little car. The Corvair has since had its troubles, but Cole's baby is often credited with creating the current taste for sporty cars.

Handsome and gregarious in an industry that shies away from chrome in its brass, Cole has also been known to urge subordinates to "kick hell out of the status quo," as he himself has done with a remarkable ability to survive. It was no secret that Cole was not enthusiastic about Donner's ban on using G.M. models in racing. And in 1964, Cole bent an arrow-straight G.M. tradition when he was divorced and remarried. His second wife, Dollie Ann, 37, who last year presented Cole with a son (he has two children by his previous marriage), last week got a start on promotion celebrations with a shopping spree in Manhattan.

Roles for Rivals. As president, Cole stands to earn about \$600,000 a year in salary and bonuses; yet he will not have all of Roche's former responsibilities. He will concentrate primarily on the U.S. automobile business; Executive Vice President Semon F. ("Bunky") Knudsen, 55, who heads G.M.'s growing international operations and was considered Cole's chief rival, will also take charge of defense and non-auto

business in the U.S. and report directly to Roche.

Also reporting directly to Roche will be another man who had been in the running for the presidency: George Russell, 62. As vice chairman—a title not used at G.M. since 1946—he will handle public relations on sensitive issues such as auto safety and take charge of the key finance committee, where the fiscal savvy he picked up as a longtime Donner aide will serve Production Men Roche and Cole.

On His Own

Unlike the major management shuffle at General Motors, the changes announced last week by Radio Corporation of America merely confirmed a long-predicted move. Executive Committee Chairman Elmer W. Engstrom will turn over to President Robert W. Sarnoff, 49, the title of chief executive officer, which Engstrom has held for 22 months. The switch, which will become effective New Year's Day, was disclosed well ahead of time to facilitate "an orderly transition of duties."

Engstrom, 66, who reached the executive roster by way of the \$2.5 billion corporation's research labs, is not retiring. He still has three years remaining on a five-year contract, and will continue to serve as executive-committee chairman and technological consultant. Besides, RCA differs from many large companies in that it has no mandatory retirement age for top executives. Chairman of the Board David Sarnoff, father of the new chief executive, is still vigorously active at 76; he remains RCA's most powerful voice and biggest stockholder.

Understandably, "The General"—as



BOB SARNOFF & FELICIA
Someone up there listens.



SHOPPERS AT KORVETTE HERALD SQUARE OPENING

Great big bite, but such a thin wafer.

RETAILING

Discounter on 34th Street

old Reservist Sarnoff has been known at RCA ever since he was given a World War II promotion to brigadier general—has interested himself in his son's career. But Bob had to work his way up, starting 19 years ago as a TV time salesman for the NBC network, an RCA subsidiary.

Attending to Business. In earlier days, the younger Sarnoff's successive promotions were greeted in expected fashion. Wags suggested that his theme song ought to be *Somebody Up There Likes Me*. He made headlines in 1950 when, after a divorce, he married Felicia Schiff Warburg, member of one of New York's leading banking families. Nowadays, however, even the old skeptics admit that Bob Sarnoff has attended strictly to business. Over the years, his authority and judgment have been reflected more and more in the complex decisions that are of vital concern to the mammoth corporation.

Though NBC still stands second to CBS in the TV ratings, RCA completely dominates the color-television field, is increasing its manufacturing capacity so that by the end of this year sales of color sets are expected to be triple those of 1965. After a shaky start, the corporation is also moving ahead with its Spectra 70 computers. For the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, RCA built the TIROS weather satellite, contributed to the Gemini flights, is now concentrating on components for the Apollo program. For national defense, the corporation was a major supplier of electronic control equipment used by the Minuteman missile program. It has also branched into new fields, acquiring Hertz Corp. and the publishing firm of Random House.

With these myriad activities, it is small wonder that the company Bob Sarnoff will take over recently reported third-quarter figures that should gladden the heart of any stockholder: sales stood at a record \$804 million and earnings at a record \$37.3 million.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST STORE GREETED A NEW NEIGHBOR ran the full-page newspaper ad. Thus the daddy of department stores said hello last week to the daddy of discounters. With the opening of a new nine-story, marble-and-glass store directly across from Macy's, E. J. Korvette, Inc., has moved into Manhattan's bustling Herald Square—34th Street retailers' lair, which also houses such formidable outfits as Gimbel Bros., B. Altman and Ohrbach's.

As Macy's president, David L. Yudin, sees it, the newcomer "will generate business on its own, which will benefit all of us." Though plagued by recent troubles, Korvette obviously has high hopes too. Built for \$1,500,000 from the shell of the defunct Saks-34th Street, the new store—Korvette's 45th—is meant to be the nine-state chain's biggest revenue earner, with expectations of \$35 million in annual sales. The store will stress conveniently arranged, gaily displayed merchandise while playing down the head-on-price rivalry that is supposed to characterize discount operations.

"Tell Us." Together with its sister store on Fifth Avenue, Korvette's new branch dramatizes the fact that the line between discounters and department stores is getting blurred. Not only are there more suburban-style discount stores in downtown areas, but conventional department stores continue to open branches in the suburbs. Many old-line retailers have also drawn on their familiarity with bargain-basement merchandising to open "budget stores"; in Columbus next year, Ohio-based Federated Department Stores will branch out with its first two Gold Circle discount houses. Like other department stores, Detroit's J. L. Hudson Co. meets cut-rate competition with a we-won't-be-under-sold policy. "You pay no more at Hudson's—Tell us if we're wrong."



SPARTANS' BASSINE

Discount operators, meanwhile, have had difficulty adhering to their old high-volume, low-overhead gospel. "Customers are demanding from us what they get in traditional department stores," explains Sherwin Newar, president of the Houston-based Sear International discount chain. This means credit, home delivery and more attractive stores—all of which cost money. Though many discount houses cut costs by using check-out counters and shopping carts instead of big sales forces, other increases in overhead have sent their price mark-ups, once about 25%, as high as 35%—ominously close to the typical department store's 40%.

The so-called discount stores are nonetheless multiplying fast; they now account for about \$15 billion in annual sales. S. S. Kresge Co., which last year passed Korvette as the biggest discount chain, has 204 K Mart discount stores and plans to add 50 new ones in the next year. In the face of such breathless expansion, as well as the aggressive stances of established department stores, many a marginal discounter may be doomed. A discount furniture store in Atlanta, for example, went broke after Rich's, the city's largest department store, consistently matched its prices.

Into the Midwest. Nor are bigger operators immune from pressures, as Korvette's experience plainly shows. Though Founder Eugene Ferkaut revolutionized retailing with his approach to discounting (TIME cover, July 6, 1962), Korvette's haphazard management was not equal to its ambition of simultaneously upgrading merchandise, adding new services and expanding the New York-based chain into the midwest. To check his chain's decline, Ferkaut last year merged into apparel-making Spartans Industries (which has promised the Federal Trade Commission to sell its own 96 Spartan-Atlantic discount stores) and turned over the reins to Spartans Chairman Charles Bassine.

Korvette's is still making no money



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on its furniture operations, but Bassine insists that the long-ailing string of 61 Korvette supermarkets is finally in the black. Even so, he is considering selling off the food stores in hopes of streamlining operations. Last week Bassine announced that Spartans' overall sales during the year ending July 31 were almost \$1.2 billion—virtually unchanged from 1966—with Korvette's accounting for \$600 million of the total (excluding supermarkets). Spartans' earnings slipped slightly, to a slender \$7,100,000. Instead of continued expansion, Bassine's most pressing task is to do something about wafer-thin profit margins at existing stores. It is significant that along with Korvette Herald Square, he has added only one other store in 1967.

my. For the first time in more than a decade, efforts have been made to balance the budget; but the austerity measures have not been completely successful. Later this month, Indonesia will have to make a bid for \$325 million in aid from such creditors as the U.S., Britain, Australia and Japan. Unemployment is up to 3,000,000 from last year's 2,100,000, and 15 million people are underemployed. Rice last week cost twice the July price, obliging the government to order \$85 million worth abroad.

Unknown Treasure. Nevertheless, several Western firms that had their property taken over by the Sukarno regime see a better economic climate under Suharto and are making plans to return. Among these are Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. and Lever Bros. Others, dan-



MALIK, TIME INC. PRESIDENT LINEN & THE SULTAN
A bid for capital, experience and spirit.

INVESTMENT

Indonesia Waits

Last week in Geneva, Indonesian Foreign Minister Adam Malik and Economics Minister Sultan Hamengku Burwono faced an extraordinary audience of businessmen.* In a three-day meeting sponsored by Time Inc., top executives of European, Japanese, Australian, Canadian and U.S. companies gathered to hear just how vital foreign investments can be to the future of Indonesia.

"In your own way, you could help bring about the desired economic and political stability of our country," said Foreign Minister Malik.

That "stability," to be sure, is still around the corner. Inflation has been slowed down but still saps the econo-

mized by a four-year tax holiday and easy repatriation of profits, are showing interest. The Freeport Sulphur Co. is prospecting for copper and stands ready to invest \$75 million if sufficient ore is found. ITT has signed a \$6,000,000 contract to build a satellite relay station near Djakarta.

But far more investment is needed. Said the Sultan of Jogjakarta in Geneva to the businessmen: "The popular world view is that Indonesia is a treasure house of resources. I may inform you in all frankness that nobody—and that includes ourselves—knows exactly the wealth we have in and on the ground and in our seas. Indonesia is waiting for you to bring your advanced technology, your experience, your capital and your entrepreneurial spirit."

* A sampling: Gianni Agnelli, chairman, Fiat; George W. Ball, chairman, Lehman Bros. International; Eugene Black, director, Chase Manhattan Bank; Norton Clapp, chairman, Wertheimer; Howard L. Clark, president, American Express; Russell R. De Young, chairman, Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.; Flovid D. Hall, president, Eastern Airlines; Robert W. Hansberger, president, Boise Cascade; John D. Harper, president, Aluminum Co. of America; Earl B. Hathaway, president, Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.; H. J. Heinz II, chairman, H. J. Heinz Co.; Robert C. Hills, president, Freeport Sulphur Co.; Edward B. Hinnman, president, International Paper Co.; Dr. Kojo Kobayashi, president, Nippon Electric Co.; Rudolph A. Peterson, president, Bank of America; Frederick Jacques Philips, president, N. V. Philips' Gloeilampenfabrieken; David Rockefeller, president, Chase Manhattan Bank; Dr. Samuel Schweizer, chairman, Swiss Bank Corp.; Di-Geerd Tacke, director, Siemens A.G.; Abderrahman Tazi, executive director, International Bank for Reconstruction and Development; Henry S. Wingate, chairman, International Nickel Co. of Canada.

FOOD

The Year the Bees Got Grounded

The price of canned fruit is going up in supermarkets throughout the U.S. Reason: California, which produces 40% of the U.S.'s fruit, had a wet, cold, late spring that has resulted in a disastrous autumn.

Heavy spring rains affected fruit formation, hailstorms bruised fruit that had formed, and cold weather grounded the bees that must pollinate some fruits. Explains University of California Pomologist James A. Beutel: "Spring temperatures remained below 60°, which is too cold for good cross-pollination. Bees won't fly unless the temperature is above 60°."

Because of the weather and its complications, harvest yields have slumped in almost every variety of California fruit. Bartlett-pear output is off two-thirds, to an estimated 104,000 tons this year. Apples will be down from last year's 297,000 tons harvested to about 192,000 tons. Peaches have slipped from 839,000 tons to 690,000 tons. Grapes, of which California produces 90% of the national total, will be off about 18% this year, to 2,800,000 tons. The weather did more than merely slow fruit formation. Peaches ripened as much as three weeks late, then developed a condition called split pits. The fruit in such cases is more costly to process because canneries have to run it through twice.

The effects of the bad growing season have rippled all through California's multimillion agricultural empire: Late fruits reached canneries at the same time as on-schedule tomatoes, causing so much of a jam that a great deal of fruit spoiled while it was waiting to be canned. Farmers, with their orchards maturing late, had no schoolchildren available to help harvest the crops, and the supply of temporary Mexican labor has been reduced since the law covering the use of *braceros* was tightened three years ago. Governor Reagan angered unions by permitting convicts to help with the harvest.

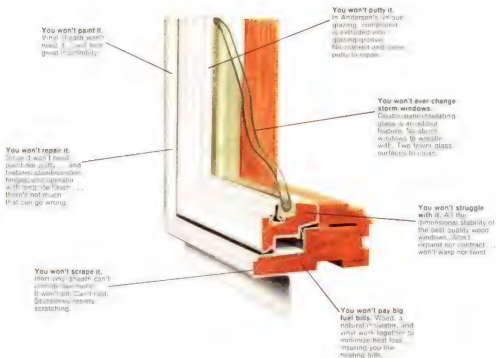
So far, canned-pear prices have risen 50%; and other fruits are increasing from 25% to 33%. This winter there may also be a shortage of such delicacies as canned fruit cocktail. If so, housewives can blame it on the grounded bees.

ENTREPRENEURS

Emperor in Private

Howard Fieldstead Ahmanson recalls that he was five years old when his father first told him that he was a genius. Ahmanson today would scarcely win prizes for modesty, but his career invests that paternal judgment with more truth than bragadocio. Starting with a 1925 stake of \$20,000 in cash and securities, he has assembled a financial colossus of savings and loan associa-

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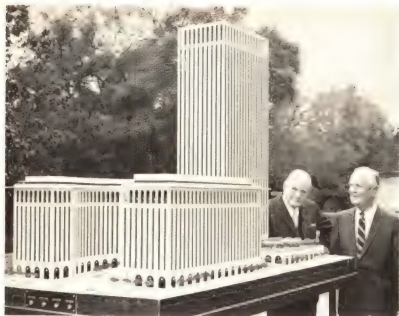
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STONE, AHMANSON & OFFICE BLOCK MODEL
The worse things were the better they got.

tions, fire and title insurance, banking and investment companies. By conservative estimate, Ahmanson, 61, is worth more than \$300 million.

No Place Like Home. Among U.S. thrift institutions there is certainly no place quite like Ahmanson's Beverly Hills-based Home S. & L., the nation's largest. Some 775,000 people keep their savings there, and last month Home's assets reached \$2.5 billion, making it almost twice the financial size of its nearest competitor. Home was a midget with assets of less than \$1,000,000 in 1947 when Ahmanson bought it for \$162,000; it was making a shrewd bet that the yet unstarted postwar housing boom would make fortunes for mortgage lenders.

Ahmanson built Home into a powerhouse by nimble footwork and by devising new tricks to woo business. Before the rest of the industry awoke to the advantages of big-scale operation, he snapped up 18 other associations to form, almost overnight, the first major S. & L. chain. By offering to split profits with cash-shy builders, he soon grabbed a commanding share of the Southern California home-loan market. Most of the loans were Government-backed FHA or VA mortgages. Admits Ahmanson cheerfully: "We were paid a terrific price for virtually no risk." On top of that, Home bought up vast chunks of land that it is still selling at a hefty markup to builder-borrowers. With deft timing, Home cut back on loans for tracts of new houses before the great Southern California glut of 1965 and switched to apartments. This year the association itself is building three sizable apartment houses.

Ahmanson's sense of financial timing was honed early. The Omaha-born son

of the owner of a small insurance company, he began dabbling in the stock market in his teens, ran up his \$20,000 grubstake by age 18. He moved west after his father's death, started selling fire insurance, and soon hit upon the idea of concentrating on the low-risk residential side of that business, especially on foreclosed properties (which at those days required a new policy). Thus the Depression made him rich. "I felt like an undertaker," Ahmanson once remarked. "The worse things got, the better they were for me."

In the mid-'50s, Ahmanson's lucrative combination of S. & L.s and insurance prompted Justice Department antitrusters to investigate his operations, but the inquiry was soon dropped. "They call Uncle Howard an octopus," said his nephew and business associate, Bill Ahmanson, a few years ago. "But the worst that can be said about Unc is that he lives to build capital and to run his own show."

"Edifice Complex." Lately, Ahmanson has been building monuments as well. He contributed \$2,000,000 to help construct the Los Angeles Music Center for the Performing Arts, an equal sum for the new Los Angeles County Museum of Art; he also endowed the Ahmanson Center for Biological Research at the University of Southern California. Last month he announced plans for a 40-story office block on Wilshire Boulevard designed by Manhattan Architect Edward Durell Stone. With two marble-clad, ten-story outriders, the Ahmanson Center will cost \$75 million. Though some of his competitors like to wisecrack about his "edifice complex," Ahmanson is widely admired among S. & L. men. "We may be jealous, but we can't be critical," says Presi-

dent Edward L. Johnson of rival Financial Federation S. & L.

Ahmanson had a brief fling at politics when he managed Republican Goodwin Knight's successful campaign for Governor of California in 1954. Today, except for serving on civic boards, he relishes his ranch (a 200-acre spread with a private golf course near Palm Springs), his yacht (the 80-ft. *Sirius II*), his art collection (Rembrandt, El Greco, Vermeer, Rubens) and, above all, his privacy. Ahmanson runs his establishment from his midtown Los Angeles mansion. "I haven't met an employee in 20 years," he muses. "In insurance, maybe I had too much of people."

OIL

Outworking the Competition

His church, says Rexford Blazer, 60, chairman of Ashland Oil & Refining Co., is convenient as well as a comfort. His company's seven-story headquarters in the eastern Kentucky hill town of Ashland is directly across the street from Calvary Episcopal Church. On Sunday mornings, while other businessmen are still abed, Blazer works until church time, returns to his desk after services to work until dinnertime.

Blazer, along with President Orin Atkins, 43, and other Ashland executives, follows what is more or less jocularly called the "Ashland Workweek." It begins around 8 a.m., lasts ordinarily until midnight, runs seven days a week with only occasional breaks and brief vacations. "I don't think we're any smarter than the competition," explains Blazer, "but I think we outwork them." As a result, in the past five years Ashland has almost tripled sales to \$805 million. This week Ashland will regroup 13 small chemical companies acquired



CHAIRMAN BLAZER

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T-68

since 1963 into a subsidiary with
\$300 million in sales to be
known as Ashland Chemical Co.

Expanding Backward. Even in
a business with more mavericks
than most, Ashland is a curious
operation. Organized in 1924 by
Paul Blazer, late uncle of the
present chairman, it expanded
backward. Rather than develop
crude-oil supplies first and then
build refineries and markets,
Ashland built its markets in the
south-central states, expanded its
refineries as the markets grew.
Ashland still buys most of its
crude oil, hauls its purchases
with its own barge fleet, one of
the Ohio River's largest, or by
means of 5,000 miles of Ash-
land-owned pipeline. Critics ac-
cuse the company of being oil-
shy, but Rexford Blazer denies
the charge. "We have never run
short one barrel of crude oil in
our life," says he, pointing out
that Ashland currently receives
40,000 barrels a day more than
it needs, sells the surplus to oth-
er refineries.

Founder Blazer kept his company
flexible, bragged that an Ashland
refinery could be converted from
one kind of refining to another "by supper-
time." He also kept his work force
lean, refused to hire his own nephew
after Rex Blazer graduated from the
University of Illinois (28). "If you are
as good as you think you are," said
Uncle Paul, "you won't get any credit
for it because you are my nephew. If
you aren't that good, I'll have to fire
you, and the family already has enough
trouble." Paul Blazer loaned his neph-
ew \$20 for one-way fare to Cleveland,
where Rex got a job with Allied Oil
Co. By the time that Allied was ac-
quired by Ashland in 1948, Rex Blazer
was its president. He succeeded his un-
cle as Ashland's boss after the older
Blazer retired in 1957.

Executive Fords. Since taking over,
Blazer and Atkins have expanded with
such acquisitions as United Carbon Co.
of Houston, the O.K. Tire and Rubber
Co., Valvoline Oil, the \$96 million
chemical operations of Archer Daniels
Midland Co., and Warren Brothers Co.
of Cambridge, Mass., the nation's larg-
est asphalt-paving company. Meanwhile,
Ashland executives including the chair-
man continue to occupy modest offices
and drive low-priced cars. Says Blazer
proudly, "We have probably the only
executive parking lot in the country
filled only with Fords, Chevrolets and
Plymouths."

Ashland's finance committee has never
met, there is no table of organiza-
tion, and younger executives are simply
too overworked to think up any make-
work projects or write lengthy mem-
orandums. The lone extravagance is a
corporate jet that links isolated Ash-
land (pop. 32,700) with Wall Street
and the world.



SEABROOK & BUTCHER
Big time for big-leaguers.

UTILITIES

Marriage Inside the Family

All kinds of situations impel com-
panies to merge—too much or too lit-
tle cash, a shortage or a surfeit of able
executives, tax advantages or growth-
manship. Last week two large but lit-
tle-known conglomerates agreed to unite
for an equally compelling reason: they
were practically married anyway. To-
ronto-based International Utilities Corp.
and Philadelphia's General Waterworks
Corp. have in common not only the
same chairman, Stockbroker Howard
Butcher III, but also the same pres-
ident and chief executive, Chemical En-
gineer John M. Seabrook. The trouble
with that sort of alliance, says Butcher,
is that "It's almost impossible for one
management to run two parallel com-
panies. In acquisitions, for example, how
can you tell which way to go?"

Like Opium, Butcher, 65, and Seabrook, 50, have been resolving the di-
lemma with finesse and foresight: they
have snapped up some 20 other com-
panies since 1959. The diversification
began, says Seabrook, "because feeding
your shareholders dividends is like feed-
ing them opium. You have to keep
giving larger doses. We didn't think we
could face withdrawal symptoms." Ac-
cordingly, from gas and electricity pro-
duction in the Canadian province of
Alberta, International Utilities spread
into ocean shipping, bus lines, demoli-
tion and salvage, steel fabrication,
trucking and copper-silver mining. Re-
venues rose from \$38 million in 1959 to
\$189.5 million last year; profits more
than doubled to \$15.7 million.

By similar branching out, General
Waterworks, which provides water, sewer
service and steam heat through 89
subsidiaries in 17 states, lifted its re-
venues ninefold to \$249 million and in-

creased profits sevenfold to \$16.7 million. Today the company also makes irrigation equipment, computer and aircraft parts, clay and concrete pipe, water heaters, industrial valves and refrigeration machinery: it produces milk products, sells insurance, answers telephones for 68,000 subscribers.

The marriage inside the family, subject to the anticipated blessing of stockholders, will make surviving International Utilities a major combine: \$800 million assets, \$480 million annual revenues, 35,000 employees in 40 U.S. states, six Canadian provinces and twelve foreign countries. Says Seabrook: "It gets us into the big time."

Feathered Engines. By any measure, Butcher and Seabrook already rank as big-time executives. A director of 26 companies, Butcher controls the largest single block of stock in the Pennsylvania Railroad, plus enough shares in the New York Central so that he would still control one of the largest holdings when the two lines merge. As senior partner of Philadelphia's Butcher & Sherrerd, he supervises \$500 million in investments for some 400 clients.

Butcher's financial talent dovetails with Seabrook's knack for curing sick companies. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate ('39) of Princeton, Seabrook first rescued his own family company, Seabrook Farms, from a disastrous slump. In 1959, when his father, now dead, sold control of the frozen-food firm, Seabrook quit as president and joined Butcher. He became president of I.U. in 1965, and of General Waterworks last year. Often his doctoring of acquisitions involves nothing more startling than sending in a financial expert to bail out a sales-minded boss. "A lot of companies are mismanaged by the president because he lacks a good information system," says he. "Then if something goes wrong, he feathers the wrong engine."

For all their drive, Butcher and Seabrook operate in relaxed fashion. Butcher from his ground-floor brokerage desk. Seabrook from a pint-size office eight floors above. Butcher still swims daily in his suburban pool, plays tennis regularly. Seabrook, a model-railroad buff, raises horses and collects antique carriages (he has two dozen) at his 4,200-acre farm in Salem, N.J. He and his wife, former United Press Correspondent Liz Toomey (whom he met at Grace Kelly's wedding to Monaco's Prince Rainier), often slip into 18th-century costume for champagne-sipping country outings amid the asparagus and spinach; in winter they like to take guests across the fields for picnic dinners in the snowy woods.

Once a New Jersey park official halted Seabrook's entourage for imbibing aboard a carriage. The state's attorney general, who happened to be one of the guests, quickly resolved the situation. He ruled that state laws against drinking while driving do not apply to horse-drawn vehicles.



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October 27, 1967

NEW MOVIES

Prisoner of Grace

The chain-gang picture has been in stir for years. Now it has turned up again, paroled as *Cool Hand Luke*, a close study of conditions in a Southern prison. Like its most celebrated predecessor, *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* (1932), *Luke* is the story of a simple man who falls afoul of the law and mechanically becomes destroyed by a so-called house of correction.

Arrested for knocking the tops off parking meters, Luke (Paul Newman) draws a two-year sentence. For a drifter who finds even open society confining, prison ought to prove unbearable, but Luke plays it cool. Eventually, he wins over his most hostile fellow inmates by refusing to knuckle under to the sadistic guards. One day he receives a telegram that his mother has died. She is his last tenuous touch with the outside world, and under the strain, he finally cracks. Sitting on his bunk, Luke, an avowed village atheist, brokenly sings a parody of an oldtime hymn: "I don't care if it rains or freezes long as I got my plastic Jesus sitting on the dashboard of my car."

A week later he goes over the hill. Quickly trapped, he remains indomitable, escaping again and again—only to be caught each time. By now he has become almost a legend to the prisoners, who vicariously enjoy his flings at freedom. But when the jailers heat and overwork Luke until he grovels at their feet for mercy, the inmates turn their backs on him. Luke, played by



SUBWAY SCENE FROM "INCIDENT"
Paralysis in the jungle of cities.

Newman with his customary cocky resilience, has one more race up his sleeve, steals a truck when the guards casually turn their backs on him, and zooms off. *Chain Gang* showed Paul Muni failing with success—he made good his escape, but turned to crime to stay alive. Paul Newman succeeds by failing. His end is tragic, but he again becomes a folk hero to the men he leaves behind.

TV Director Stuart Rosenberg (*The Defenders*) distinguishes his first full-fledged feature by fragmenting his mob of a cast into many highly individual sufferers. His occasional failures are those of ambition, not laxness. The heavy-handed Christian symbolism—Luke is several times shown in crucified positions and has some unconvincing monologues with the God he doesn't believe in—is not only labored but out of style with the rest of the film. Rosenberg's treatment of evil, personified by the brutal prison guards, descends too often from portrayal to caricature. Still, there is enough left in the old theme to make *Luke* a prisoner of grace, and a picture of chilling dramatic power.

Subway of Fools

A Manhattan-bound subway train lurches on its way, long after midnight. Two by two, the passengers come aboard at successive stops: a crabby old Jewish couple, a soldier and his Oklahoma-born buddy with his left arm in a cast, two sets of middle-aged bickerers, a sad-eyed homosexual and the seedy intellectual he is unsuccessfully trying to seduce, a get-Whitey Negro and his worried wife, two love-happy hippies. Grand Hotel on wheels? The Subway of Fools? That, for about the first third of *The Incident*, seems to be the intent.

Then two more passengers arrive: a pair of horrifying punks (Tony Musante and Martin Sheen) high on musclet and low on decency. By turns wildly obstreperous and stily coxy,

they work their way up and down the car, baiting here, pummeling there, lucid only in their awareness of their own power to shock and paralyze. The numbed passengers can only respond in ineffectual clichés. "What kind of people are you?" screams one, all too aware of the answer. The Negro (Brock Peters), sensing in the punks' violence a kindred spirit, attempts to make friends, is brutally rebuffed, and finally collapses in empty sobs.

Based on a 1963 television drama by Nicholas E. Baehr, *The Incident* is a taut, disturbing drama that tries to clarify why men fail to help each other in times of stress and danger. Unquestionably, the passengers could have saved themselves; any one of them might have got off to summon help before the thugs thought to block the doors, or at least yanked the emergency cord. Nobody does, because the paralysis of fear has linked them all. The eventual resolution is placed in the hands of the one person least caught up in the life of the jungle of cities—the crippled Oklahoma soldier (Beau Bridges). *The Incident* thus plausibly proposes the desiccating, depersonalizing pressure of urban life itself as the probable villain. And Director Larry Peerce moves far beyond his 1964 *One Potato, Two Potatoes* in welding his cast of adept Hollywood second-string players (among them, Thelma Ritter, Jack Gifford, Jan Sterling and Ruby Dee) into a concerted exposition of this plausibility.

How a Peasant Girl Who Stole a Horse & Washed Dishes Became the Bride of a Prince

Once upon a time there was a prince with dark, flashing eyes and teeth whiter than white, as handsome as, say, Omar Sharif. He didn't like any of the seven marriageable princesses whom his mother had lined up for him; in fact, he didn't really like much of anything except riding his high-spirited white



NEWMAN AS "LUKE"
Cool enough to chill.




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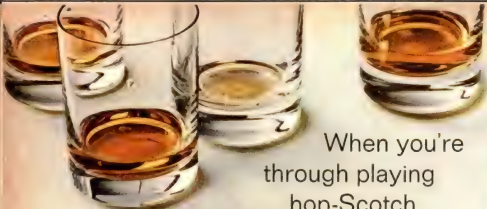
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LOREN IN "MIRACLE"
Into hot water and out again.

horse. One day, while cantering across the meadows, his horse threw him and galloped off. When the prince finally caught up with the horse—with the help of a flying monk—it had been appropriated by a peasant girl of such deep dark beauty that you'd swear she was Sophia Loren.

Now the girl did not want to give up the horse, but the prince knew just what to do. He had her publicly nailed up in a barrel, which the townspeople rolled right out into the river. Eventually some boys found it on the beach, opened it up, and there was the girl, as pretty as ever and, by now, head over heels in love with the prince. So she got a job in the palace kitchen making omelets—which became somewhat complicated after some witches showed up and hexed 3,000 eggs into hatching.

Meanwhile, the prince's mother was pestering her son day and night about when the wedding was going to be. Obedient son as he was, he agreed to make up his mind within a week. Soon, though, the prince decided that he was really in love with the girl. But they couldn't just get married like that, with those seven princesses waiting around, so the prince cleverly decided to organize a dishwashing contest, the winner to get his hand. Naturally, most of the princesses fainted dead away at the sight of all those dirty dishes, except for one evil and efficient type with a gift for sabotage, who finally won—but only temporarily, of course.

And that is what happens in an utterly mindless but totally endearing fairy tale, starring Omar Sharif as the prince and Sophia Loren as the girl. It was directed by Francesco Rosi, who is best known for his harrowing bullfight epic, *The Moment of Truth*. That anybody would bother these days to make so slender and fanciful a film is a miracle in itself; to do it with such a protusion of visual beauty is *More than a Miracle*. Which, by the way, is its title.

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The Shape of Tomorrow

THE YEAR 2000 by Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener. 431 pages. Macmillan. \$9.95.

The 20th century is approaching old age. Just 33 years away lies the birth of a new millennium, an event that will be witnessed by two out of every three Americans alive today. Even the most farsighted among them cannot accurately predict what the world will be like then. But in the fast-expanding new field called futurism, the once mystical art of soothsaying has developed a scientific approach.

The authors of *The Year 2000* are two professional prophets: the future is their province and their discipline. Herman Kahn, 45, mathematician, physicist and author of (*On Thermonuclear War*), is director of New York's Hudson Institute, a policy-research center that specializes in educated guesswork for such clients as the U.S. Air Force, the Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of Defense. Sociologist Anthony Wiener, 36, is a member of Hudson's research staff. Their book, relentlessly technical and deliberately undramatic, is as far removed from Jules Vernean fantasy as sober analytical methodology can carry it. Kahn and Wiener cannot unlock the future's doors, but they know where to knock.

50 in the Club. The authors develop what they call "scenarios," or hypothetical future trends, which are projected in every conceivable direction from the known past and present. The result is a multiple hypothesis of the future that seeks to accommodate every

plausible possibility—some more plausible than others.

Kahn and Wiener find it probable, for example, that the next 33 years will bring \$20 battery-run TV receivers, three-dimensional film, home computers, prisonless penology and electronic prying into the human brain. Less likely, though still possible, are the laboratory synthesis of fetuses (possibly human ones), robot athletes competing in the Olympic Games, thought control, programmed sleep and laser beams capable of boring tunnels, taking a portrait of the atom, and detecting enemy missiles within a tolerance of inches.

The authors consider it likely that the next 33 years will be politically stable, in which case "the old nations of the world are likely to be free of invasion and even relatively free of domestic violence." The U.S. and Russia will remain the world's only superpowers, still frozen and possibly even united in postures of armed equilibrium. Such a world will have rejected aggression in favor of economic competition—which by 2000 will have elevated Japan to the third-ranking industrial power (now fifth).

But since by the 1990s as many as 50 countries may belong to the nuclear club, there is also a real possibility of atomic war directed, most probably, by one small, adventurous state against another of the same kind: "While the balance of terror is a great deterrent to conservative powers, to a reckless power the balance of terror may look like an opportunity or shield behind which it can get away with a good deal." In the event of nuclear war between two major powers—not necessarily involving the U.S. or Russia—the world is likely to survive. And the victor nation may appoint itself the shepherd of international peace.

No Steerage? The book's cool tone invites no emotional response, but it is certain to evoke one. A sense of great hazard, of impending doom, pervades its pages, no doubt unintentionally. After projecting unprecedented wealth and leisure by the year 2000—median family income of \$21,000 in the U.S., a four-day work week—the authors study the consequences: "There may be a great increase in selfishness, a great decline of interest in government and society as a whole . . . More and more people would act on the aphorism currently attributed to a leader of the new student left: 'If you've booked passage on the *Titanic*, there's no reason to travel steerage.'"

Futurism is thriving now partly because the unknown always tantalizes man's curiosity. That alone can account for the popularity of books on the subject, even those that have been proved wrong. But this volume and its authors provide a better reason for estimating

the look of tomorrow. The future has enormous shock value for a world that has not sought to take its measure in advance. If the world at the beginning of the 21st century were to be as "intellectually unprepared" for change as it was in 1929, 1941 and 1947, write the authors, it would be "subjected to some very unpleasant surprises." Man cannot safeguard himself against the surprises of the future, but he can try to prepare for them by reducing what Wiener calls "the role of thoughtlessness." In that task, their book will help.

For Love & Money

LA BELLE OTERO by Arthur H. Lewis. 257 pages. Trident. \$5.95.

THE COURTESANS: THE DEMI-MONDE IN 19TH CENTURY FRANCE by Joanna Richardson. 257 pages. World. \$10.95.

The profession of the fornicatrix has fallen upon seedy days. Rank amateurs have driven out the pros, giving the career field a bad name, and today's courtesans would rather provide grist for the sociologist's mill than salt for the Sunday supplements.

It was not always thus. In the turn-of-the-century fling known as *la belle époque*, the courtesan was queen and her clients were often kings. In *The Courtesans: The Demi-Monde in 19th Century France*, author Joanna Richardson selects an all-Second Empire team of *les grandes horizontales*. Her standards are stringent by definition: "A courtesan is less than a mistress and more than a prostitute. She is less than a mistress because she sells her love for material benefits; she is more than a prostitute because she chooses her lovers."

Many also achieved secondary but more lasting fame: Marie Duplessis was



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the prototype for the heroines of Dumas: *La Dame aux camélias* and *La Traviata*; Blanche d'Antigny was transformed by Zola into *Nana* and Apollonie Sabatier was the real-life *La Muse et la Madone* of Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du mal*. If these coquettes shared a single trait, it was by no means beauty but an indomitable will to succeed and the ability to overcome natural handicaps. A practical sort was Blanche d'Antigny. An inordinately heavy sleeper, she found early in her career that chance admirer at times stole off with out paying. She soon came up with a way to outwit such a lover: she would sew his nightshirt to her own nightgown before going off into slumberland.

Name Sleeper. The most notorious demimonde of the era was a statuesque Spanish gypsy who is reputed to have amassed \$15 million during an active career that spanned five decades. Her name was Augustina Otero, and her origins were humble to the point of bleakness. She was born in 1868, the second of seven bastards of a village prostitute. At the age of eleven, she was raped and rendered infertile for life. At twelve, she left home and wandered through Spain and Southern France, sharing bed for board before becoming a cabaret dancer. It was not long before she discovered her true calling.

Over the next quarter century, La Belle Otero's distinguished clientele came to include the crowned heads of England, Spain, Belgium, Russia, Germany, Persia, Monaco and Montenegro, as well as assorted dukes and princes; not to mention such uncommon commoners as Italy's D'Annunzio, an American Vanderbilt, and French Premier Aristide Briand. But she wasn't merely a name-sleeper: she democratically slept with all who could afford her huge fees. "Don't forget," she once told her friend Colette, "that there is always a moment in a man's life, even if he's a miser, when he opens his hand wide." "The moment of passion?" asked Colette. "No," replied Otero, "the moment when you twist his wrist."

Curious Twins. In her dealings with men, Otero lost her professional cool but twice. Once she sought out Eugene Sandow, "the Strongest Man in the World." But he rebuffed her advances, preferring the male company of a Danish pianist roommate instead. The other object of her attentions was one half of an act named the Marco Twins — James, 6 ft. 3 in. and Dietrich, 3 ft. 6 in. It was the lower half of the team that attracted her ("Frankly, I was curious," and one night she succeeded in satisfying her inquisitiveness. But later she discovered that the twins were not twins, not even brothers. They were husband and wife; it was the little fellow, she concluded, who was the husband. That's show business.

Otero's biographer, Arthur H. Lewis (*The Day They Shook the Plum Tree*), is a former newspaperman in the old copy-desk tradition, relying heavily on

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choice clips and spicy quotes. He also does his duty by psychology and suggests that the fatherless Otero's entire life may not have been so much a triumphant romp as a protest against the man who raped her. If so, she certainly kept on protesting—and protesting. She had her last lover, it has been said, at 60. A compulsive gambler, she had lost her entire fortune by 1926 at the casino at Monte Carlo. She died only two years ago, at 96, in Nice, poor, solitary, devoutly religious, and apparently at peace.



COMMODORE PERRY

Convincing but not fascinating.

A Very Correct Sailor

"OLD BRUIN," COMMODORE MAT THEW C. PERRY 1794-1858 by Samuel Eliot Morison. 482 pages. Little, Brown. \$12.50.

Beneath his double disguise as biographer and historian, Samuel Eliot Morison, 80, is really a frustrated epic poet who writes a kind of factual legend celebrating the archetypal figure of the Great Sailor. With Pulitzers flying from his yardarms for biographies of Columbus and John Paul Jones, Morison has now given chase to a third incarnation of the Great Sailor—and by his own standards, has come up luffing.

The fault, in all fairness, is not his. His settings are as novelistically vivid as ever. The action is brisk: scenes from the War of 1812 as a curtain raiser; no-quarter combat with pirates in Caribbean and African waters; amphibious derring-do during the Mexican War; for a climax, the Commodore's steaming into Edo Bay and dramatically opening Japan to the West.

The problem is Perry. He lacks color and temperament. Morison works hard to achieve a spit-and-polish luster in the image of "Old Bruin," but he



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makes the mistake of comparing him to his older brother Oliver, hero of the Battle of Lake Erie. "Oliver fascinated people when he talked," while Matthew "could only convince them." Matthew had the admirable but unexciting virtues of a seagoing Alger hero. Utterly efficient, he ran a taut but not too happy ship, stressing maximum standards of hygiene and minimum shore liberty. When corporal punishment was abolished, he predicted that the Navy would "go to the devil."

On most other subjects, Perry had the grimly methodical soul of a New England reformer. He improved light houses. He energetically earned the title "Father of the Steam Navy." He was correct even about the future: he prophesied that the Pacific would become America's sea of destiny, and he warned that one day there would be a showdown with Russia. But his correctness—his insufferable common sense—failed to compel the imagination.

Morrison winds up rather too stoutly defending the man he cannot quite love—or quite bring to life. To this extent the biography is a failure, but a failure that scatters in its wake some fascinating little gems from Morrison's booty chest of Americana. Where else would the recipe for Rhode Island jummy cakes appear in a footnote?

Maire, si d'hautes . . .

MOTS d'HEURES: GOUSSES, RAMES, THE d'ANTIN MANUSCRIPT. *Discovered, Edited and Annotated by Luis d'Antin van Rooten*. 55 pages. Grossman. \$3.95.

Senior citizens now tottering through the din of pop and rock may nostalgically recall a ballad that went its maddening round a quarter of a century ago. It was different from today's Noise in that its nonsense was deliberate. It went:

*Mairzy doats and dozy doats
And liddle lanzy divee.*

Those who delighted in their day with the inside knowledge that mairzy eat oats and does eat oats and little lambs eat ivy will be in the best position to deal with a book with the apparently recondite title of *Mots d'Heures, Gousses, Rames*, which purports to be a collection of medieval French ballads.

The audio-oriented type who crumpled on his French accent and repeated the title aloud several times will be quick to grasp the fact that this slim and learned volume is nothing more than Mother Goose rhymes. The odd effect is created by arranging French words to form homonymic approximations of the familiar English rhymes.

• A New England version of corn bread *umms* is derived from *maumet*, not John. The recipe: "The corn must be ground by fine grained stones, which would make 'flour' instead of 'meal.' The meal should be made into dough and spread on the middle boards of a red oak barrelhead [and then baked]. Only walnut coals were worthy, and the crust as it browned should be basted with cream."



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the literal translation is always something wildly nonsensical. Thus "Jack and Jill":

Chacun Gille

Houer ne taupe de hile

Tôt-fait, j'appelle au boiteur . . .

Chaque fêle dans un broc, est-ce venno?

Translation by the author: "Each [man named] Gille, while hoeing, uncovers a mole and part of a seed. Quickly finished, I call to the limping man that every pitcher has a crack in it. Is it a Chinese cabbage?"

Thereafter, the reader may find the rest of *Mots d'Heures* compulsive, as one horrendous bilingual audio-pun follows another. *L'île déjà accornée . . .* *Sutinées cornées* translates as "The [ford of the] island already has horns! Sutinées cornées . . ." but it is really Little Jack Horner who sat in a corner.

After a few bouts with this infinitely fractured surrealist French, most readers will concede that Author Van Roon, who is a polyglot Manhattan actor, has succeeded in three minor and unlikely enterprises: producing a new parlor game, pulling the leg of all pedants everywhere, making a joke in French, of which, for once, only English speakers can see the point.

Short Notices

ARROW OF GOD by Chinua Achebe. 287 pages. John Day. \$5.50.

Chinua Achebe, Nigeria's leading writer, continues his heroic efforts to impose a pattern of fiction on his native land, to give his people a chronicle of their own past against which the new values of the emergent nation may be measured. In *A Man of the People* (TIME, Aug. 19, 1966), Novelist Achebe showed that life in the capital of his country did not always represent an advance on tribal society. In *Arrow of God*, he demonstrates the confusing effects of white man's law and religion on the jungle villages.

As an Ibo, Achebe writes of Ibo civilization as something not simply to be supplanted and forgotten. The story centers on a religious chief, virtually a god to his tribe, whose most potent magic is achieved through a sacred python. Though he distrusts Christianity, he allows an earnest, not more than ordinarily obtuse district officer to send one of his sons to a mission school. To the chief's horror, the Christianized boy zealously imprisons the sacred python in a box. "An abomination has happened," cries one tribesman. "Today I shall kill the boy with my own hands," says the chief.

Achebe's novel is set in the early 1920s, but it would be helpful to think of it as a book that might very well have been written by an Anglo-Saxon chronicler about the 4th century A.D., just before the last Roman legion was to leave Britain: when Roman law was about to disappear and leave a crude, illiterate people to deal as best they could with Celtic chaos, superstition and the



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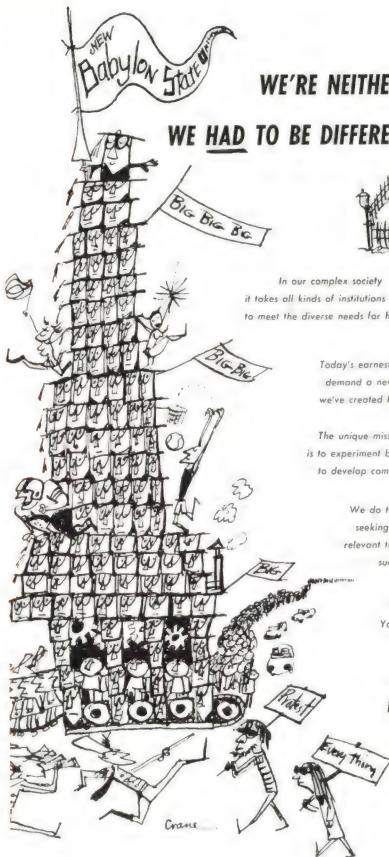
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Of the grapes we started with, three—Delaware, Diamond and Isabella—took to our prodding and coddling especially well. So well that they caught the eye of our managing director and our winemaker—two men just curious enough to take the time to find out what kind of wines the grapes would make by themselves and not in a blend.

But the job, we found, wasn't as simple as pressing the juice from the grapes. Each was as unlike the other as all three were unlike any grape grown anywhere else in the world. To bring her deep color up to just the right level,

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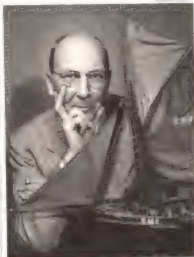
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spired Sweden to join the war and gave Czar Alexander the courage to stand up and fight in 1812. And when the end finally came at Waterloo, there was Lord Hornblower, leading a band of guerrillas that tied up nine battalions of Napoleon's troops. Not until now, however, did anyone guess that it was young Captain Hornblower who was responsible for sinking Napoleon's fleet at Trafalgar.

Unfortunately, Hornblower's contribution to Trafalgar is not completely documented, for Author Forester died last year at 66 before he could finish the story. He left notes, however, telling briefly what Hornblower would have done. Equipped with Napoleon's official seal (captured by Hornblower from an unsuspecting French brigantine), he would have arranged to deliver Napoleon's fleet to Trafalgar, where Admiral Nelson was waiting in ambush. As far as it goes, this last Hornblower story is, like its eleven predecessors, told with impeccable, salty craftsmanship and a fine, bracing conviction that history needs to be improved on.

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A great new camera takes the guesswork out of fine photography!

(New Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic camera measures light precisely for perfectly exposed pictures)

Everybody's got at least one friend who is something of a hot-shot with a camera.

Chances are he dazzles you with a whole roomful of equipment. And he probably goes through some sort of black-magic mental contortions and dial twisting every time he takes a shot. But you've got to admit that his perfectly exposed pictures make yours look pretty drab.

Well, fret no longer, friend. You're just one easy step from joining the photographic elite.

A magnificent new camera is the answer. It's a camera that is simplicity itself to operate. Yet it will never fail to delight you with what it (and you) can do . . . because it has a wealth of professional know-how built right in. It's called the Honeywell Pentax Spotmatic.

Pentax cameras, with their superb optics and brilliant engineering, have long been a favorite of photo hobbyists everywhere. But now the Spotmatic opens up the world of fine photography to every camera fan who can trip a shutter.

The secret is a revolutionary through-the-lens exposure meter system that is both automatic and unerringly precise. It assures you that you'll never again face the disappointment of ruining or missing one of those exceptional pictures or slides

through over- or underexposure.

It guides you infallibly, within the limits of film and available light, from the simplest situations to the most difficult and challenging conditions: severe backlighting, extreme telephoto, high contrast, low light levels, wild filters, ultra-closeups. And it does it all automatically.

You also save time and film because you can forget about taking extra shots "just to make sure." You are sure on every picture. You are sure of a quality of results simply unattainable by 98% of the cameras in use today, "automatic" or not!

Here's how it works. The Spotmatic's unique cadmium sulfide meter measures the light coming through the *taking aperture* of the lens. It reads the light from the *in-focus* image on the ground glass, which corresponds *exactly* to the image at the film plane. (There are cameras, selling for up to \$500, which read the image formed by the lens at full aperture. But these cameras merely *estimate* the light for the actual f/stop you'll be using and are only approximate when compared to the precision of the Spotmatic.)

Fast, foolproof operation. When you load your Spotmatic, you set the film's ASA number (from ASA 20 to 1600) in the

window of the shutter speed dial, automatically calibrating the exposure system. Then you set your shutter speed, focus and flip the meter switch to the "on" position. By turning the diaphragm ring, the meter needle you'll see in the view-finder is centered and you're set to shoot. Without removing your eye from the view-finder (and without engaging in digital contortions), you have made a perfectly exposed picture. It's that simple!

Today, the Spotmatic towers over every other 35mm single-lens reflex camera. It costs \$249.50 with 55mm f/1.8 lens, or \$289.50 with optional 50mm f/1.4 lens. It is, without a doubt, one of the four or five finest cameras in the world.

Who says so? The pros and the dyed-in-the-wool amateurs who started snapping up Spotmatics faster than we could deliver them.

But we were happy to adjust the supply rate. And now your nearest Honeywell Pentax dealer will be glad to explain why *he's* so excited about this remarkable new camera. Or, for more of the details first, just send us the coupon below.



New Spotmatic has through-the-lens exposure system, costs \$249.50 as shown here with superb 55mm f/1.8 lens.

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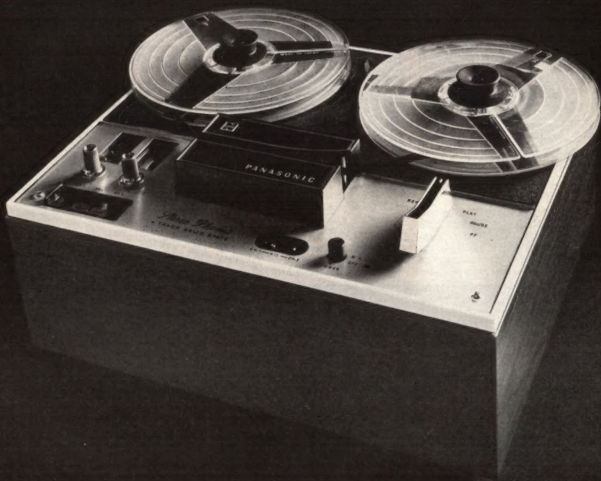
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